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LOVE'S LAST LABOUR
NOT LOST.



LOVE'S LAST LABOUR NOT LOST

BY

GEORGE DANIEL

AUTHOR OF "MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME"

"DEMOCRITUS IN LONDON"

ETC. ETC.



LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
196 PICCADILLY

1863





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*Of this Edition Two Hundred and Fifty Copies only
are printed.*



RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.



HAD long been promised by Uncle Timothy some personal recollections of Charles Lamb. It was he who first introduced me to that original and eccentric genius. To remind a man of his promise naturally implies forgetfulness on his part, and as

“ Wits have short memories, and dunces none,”

I found it a delicate task to jog Uncle Timothy's. Following the good old fashion, I had for many years waited upon him with a birthday gift; I therefore determined on the present anniversary to watch a favourable opportunity of introducing the subject, and leave the rest to the chapter of accidents. Having the *entrée* of his study, I entered it unceremoniously. “ Bah !” said he, “ foolish flutterers, what frightens you away ?” And sure enough a numerous flight of birds suddenly took

wing from his threshold, and perched upon the surrounding trees. After paying him my congratulations and presenting my offering, I inquired the meaning of this aerial phenomenon. "Receive," said he, with a smile of welcome, "my best thanks for your token of kind remembrance, and let this (handing me a paper from his writing desk) answer your question, while I walk down my garden and whistle back the wanderers." I took the manuscript and read as follows:—

"In my quiet garden-room

Where I pass my penfive hours,
And enjoy the sweet perfume

Wafted by my fragrant flow'rs,
Pensioners from every spray,
Me their morning visits pay.

Timidly aloof they stand,

Till grown tamer, they at last,
Perching upon my open'd hand,

Partake, with songs, of my repast—
'Tis then I learn from every bough
How cheap, O Happiness! art thou.

And as this feast (too young to fly),

Their unfledged nestlings cannot share,
They to their leafy homes on high

A little part rejoicing bear;
Then this parental duty done,
Again they soaring, seek the sun.

When winter chills the parting year,
And falls the snow, and roars the wind,
My truants daily disappear ;
The *Robin* only stays behind,
And does his best to make amends,
Till spring returns, for absent friends.

Will they return with spring? How few!—
By driving storm, and leafless tree,
By bitter frost, and damp night-dew,
Full many a voice shall silenced be ;
And *he* who spreads their feast to-day
May too, ere spring, have pass'd away."

A nosegay of choice flowers was the graceful return that Uncle Timothy made for my present when he re-entered his "quiet garden-room." "I owe you, Sir," said I, "an apology for my untoward intrusion." "And I," he replied, "owe *you* a promise. The day is appropriate, and the hour propitious for its performance ; for see ! every bough is alive with choristers, and hark ! my sayings will be set to music by their songs !" Then with a clear voice he read from his common-place book—

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

It was in the Autumn of 1817 that I first became acquainted with Charles Lamb. He had then just removed from his smoke-blackened, dismal chambers in the Middle Temple, to light, airy, and conve-

nient lodgings in Ruffell Street, Covent Garden, "delightfully situated between two great theatres," and a spot admirably suited to one who would not exchange "London by Lamp-light for all the glories of Skiddaw and Helvellyn;" nor "No. 4, Inner Temple Lane by *Punch*-light, for Melrose by Moon-light!" Of a congenial taste was his sister. Mary Lamb preferred the "full tide of human existence" that, from morning to night, streamed under her windows, and the incessant rattling of coaches and carts, to rural sights and sounds. Covent Garden, with its earliest peas and asparagus, was more to her fancy than the gardens of old Alcinous! Here Lamb had his summer parlour for prints, and his winter parlour for books; with everything, like Goodman Dogberry, "handsome" about him. His occasional rambles rarely extended beyond Finchley, on the north; Dulwich College (for its pictures!), on the south; and Turnham-green, on the west. The east, with its narrow and tortuous *carrefours*, was unknown to him. He never explored Wapping, nor walked Whitechapel-ward. In those days the sylvan retreats of far-off Ponder's-End, Chesshunt, Enfield and Amwell had yet to be realized. After winding up a narrow pair of stairs (not unlike the "elegant ladder" that led to the family crib of Colman's Irish cow-doctor, Mr. Looney Macwoulter), a visitor, on entering a middle-sized front room, would dimly discern, through tobacco smoke that was making its way up the chimney and through the

key-holes, a noble head, worthy of Medusa, on which were scattered a few grey curls among crisp ones of dark brown, and an expressive, thoughtful set of features inclining to the Hebrew cast. This was mine host. Around him at that witching time when "churchyards yawn," and sobriety in its soft bed is past yawning, a band of brothers—who were under no cloud but that which proceeded from their pipes—smoking "like limekilns," kept it up merrily. The locality generally induced the subject; hence the stage, from "*Gammer Gurton's Needle*" down (a painful descent!) to the last (Wardour Street!) Elizabethan drama, or uproarious, "sensation," brimstone melo-drame that had received its critical "Goose" at Covent Garden, or Old Drury, was the topic of discussion. Hazlitt, a pale-faced, spare man with sharp, expressive features and hollow, piercing eyes, would, after his earnest and fanciful fashion, anatomise the character of *Hamlet*, and find in it certain points of resemblance to a peculiar class of mankind; while Coleridge, the invested monarch of other men's minds by right of supreme ability, would as stoutly contend that *Hamlet* was a conception unlike any other that had ever entered into the poetical heart or brain; adding, that Shakespeare might possibly have sat to himself for the portrait, and from his own idiosyncrasy borrowed some of its spiritual lights and shades; and the metaphysical subtlety and superior word-painting of Coleridge brought him off conqueror. Those who have heard

Lamb descant upon, and seen John Kemble act *Lear*—and I, happily, have heard and seen both—have, in truth, a just conception of the sublime. What *Elia* has *written* upon the heart-broken old King—touching as it is, and true—may not compare, for terrible intensity, with what he has *spoken*. The flood of extemporaneous eloquence—his nerves braced to their utmost tension—that he poured forth—for here his natural defect of speech gave way to the high-wrought inspiration of the moment—upon *Lear's* madness; the flashing of his melancholy eye sparkling with supernatural fire, the quivering of his fine poetical lips :

“ A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,
With forms to his conceit ;”

bespoke a too mournful sympathy with that most piteous of all human calamities, which induced those who were acquainted with his sorrowful history to divert him from a subject so personally exciting, and to lead him into flowery paths where fairies

“ Hop in our walks, and gambol in our eyes,
And nod to us, and do us courtesies ;”

paths in which he ever delighted to wander.*

Nor were their endeavours unsuccessful. He turned from tragedy to comedy with equal facility and grace. When the discourse grew tiresome, and some loquacious Coryphæus of common-place who

* We have all of us, alas ! more or less, our lunes and crazes.

had yet to learn silence in the probationary school of Pythagoras, and whose imagination was too scanty for his vocabulary, with self-satisfied effrontery, was monotonously mouthing, he would play the “logical contradictory,” or “matter-of-lie man”* with some grotesque locution, transparent solecism or incongruous theory, to the delight of Talfourd (the pet of the bar for his frolicksome humour), who seconded his friend’s audacity with the raciest relish; while Hood, sad looking and sickly, whose brain was a quiver of sharp jests, and who (as Lamb said) carried two faces (a tragic one and a comic) under his *name-sake*, gave with a well-pickled and pointed pun common-place his quietus. A plentiful supper—for mine host, though a philosopher, had no taste for Plato’s diet, dates and cold water; or for nourishing a friend “on diagrams, and filling his belly with the east wind,”—would follow;—after which the goblets were refilled, the pipes re-fused, and the talk resumed for another pleasant hour or two. The company then took their leave (Coleridge generally lingering lag-last), bidding each other “*good night* ;” while labour, returning to its daily toil, was grumbling “*good morning*.”

* Let it not be inferred from this and other similar pleasantries that Charles Lamb, like the world, was “given to lying.” He condemned “the heart unsworn, while the tongue is sworn,” of Euripides, and would have respected Chaldean Abraham more if he had not spoken falsely to save himself and his wife at the Court of Pharaoh. Of the mean duplicity of Jacob he spoke with sorrow.

Upon these occasions I was a silent spectator, having much to learn and little to impart, and that little would have been like sending coals to Newcastle, or owls to Athens. My share of the entertainment was therefore limited to a rubber at whist, or a quiet game at cribbage with sister Mary. Seeing that the fiery draughts of a fiendish spring were reducing him to a trembling shadow, it was with lively satisfaction I learnt from his own lips that he was removing to a cottage at Islington where certain intruders "that time hath worn into slovenry;" idlers who led an up-and-down, here-to-day and gone-to-morrow kind of existence, would not be likely to follow him. In this suburban retreat—"The house of Socrates," he said, "though small, would hold all his friends, and this is quite big enough to hold all mine"—he was in the year 1823 comfortably settled. The New River (now somewhat "elderly") flowed in front of it, and a pretty garden in full bearing and in full bloom flourished in its rear, supplying his dinner with vegetables, his dessert with fruit, and his hearth with flowers. He took to the culture of plants, and now, having been honoured with his commands, I was, for the first time, of some use to him. He watched the growth of his tulips with the gusto of a veteran florist and became learned in all their gaudy varieties. He grew enamoured of anemones. He planted, pruned, and grafted; and seldom walked abroad without a bouquet in his button-hole! The

rose, from its poetical association with Carew's exquisite song,—

“Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose”—

was his favourite flower. If the fishes of the New River knew him not, (cockney *Piscators* with their penny rods had frightened even the minnows away!) the birds of the air did; for they congregated upon his grass-plot, perched upon his window-sills, nestled in the eaves of his house-top, responded to his whistle, pecked up his plum-cake, and serenaded him morning and evening with their songs.* It became one of his amusements to watch their motions. “Commend me,” he said, “to the sparrows for what our friend Matthews calls in his ‘At home,’ ‘irregular appropriation.’ I remember seeing a precocious Newgate-bird snatch from the muckle-mouth of a plethoric prentice-boy a hissing-hot slice of plum-pudding, and transfer it to his own, to the diversion of the bystanders, who could not forbear laughing at the urchin’s mendacious dexterity; but this sleight of hand feat is nothing to the celerity with which these feathered freebooters will make a tid-bit exchange beaks.” Seeing his growing fondness for birds, I offered him a beautiful bullfinch ensconced in a handsome cage. But he declined the present. “Every song that it sung from its wiry prison,”

* Buffon, after describing the music of the robin-redbreast, coldly observes, “this little warbler is excellent roasted.”

said he, "I could never flatter myself was meant for my ear; but rather a wistful note to the passing travellers of air that it were with them too! This would make me self-reproachful and sad. Yet I should be loth to let the little captive fly, lest, being unused to liberty, it should flutter itself to death, or starve."

And with what cheerfulness and gratitude he boasted that, for the first time in his life, he was the absolute lord and master of a whole house!—of an undisturbed and a well-conducted home! I helped him to arrange his darling folios (Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and Company!) in his pleasant dining-room; to hang in the best light his portraits of the poets, and his "Hogarths," (the latter in old-fashioned ebony frames), in his newly-furnished drawing-room; and to adorn the mantelpieces with his Chelsea china * shepherds and shepherdesses (family relics) which, like their owner, looked gayer and fresher for the change of air! He lived abstemiously, retired to rest at a reasonable hour (the midnight chimes had hitherto been to him more familiar music than the lark's), and rose early. He took long summer walks in the neighbouring fields, and returned with a gathering of wild flowers. "Every

* "I attach a very peculiar value to the common articles of furniture, the mere pictures, and *china*, and books, and candlesticks, &c. which I have seen grouped together in my infancy, and while my aunt still keeps them, it seems to me as if my father's house were not quite broken up."—DR. ARNOLD.

glimpse of beauty," he said, "was acceptable and precious to colour our pale lives." He lamented the encroachments of "horrid bricks and mortar" on the green sward, and it was during one of our rural rambles together that he extemporised in prose, what I thus (to his cordially expressed contentment), turned and twisted into rhyme:—

"Bricks and mortar! bricks and mortar!
Cut your rambles rather shorter,
Give green fields a little quarter!

You, in your suburban fallies,
Turn our pleasant fields and valleys
Into squalid courts and alleys.

All along our rural passes
Where tripp'd village lads and lasses
Not a single blade of grass is!

Where I saw the daisies springing,
Where I heard the blackbird singing,
And the lark while heavenward winging,

I behold a rookery frightful
Which with tatters (tenants rightful!)
Beggary fills from morn to night full.

And beside their neighbour wizen
For rogues I see a palace risen,
And for poverty a prison!

Bricks and mortar! bricks and mortar!
 Give green fields a little quarter;
 As sworn foes to nature's beauty
 You've already done your duty!"

"Merrie Iflington" was endeared to Charles Lamb by many tender recollections. Its rural walks, having been the scenes of his early and transient courtship, still retained for him an inexpressible charm, and he never recalled to memory those golden days of pure and perfect love without a passionate emotion, a sympathetic thrill deepening into despondency. It is better silently to endure a sorrow which nobody feels but yourself; hence he seldom, and then reluctantly, alluded to the subject. He strove indeed to forget it.* Yet great as had been his sacrifice, great also had been his reward; since it had enabled him to devote a life of unceasing watchfulness and care to a sister who, but for his gentle and refined affection, would have been without a guardian and a comforter.† I have had many opportunities of friendly converse with this gifted woman when her intellect was unclouded, and I have beheld her when that intellect was a ruin and memory was alive only to the horrors of the past. I know but one parallel

* "Life," said Honore de Balzac, "would be impossible *sans de grands oublis*?"

† More hearts pine away in secret anguish for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforter than from any other calamity in life.

case to this beautiful and affecting one—Pope's filial devotion to his mother—yes, one more—that of Cleobis and Bito who, as a reward for their filial piety, lay down in the temple, and fell asleep and died. Lamb, referring to his many domestic trials, once remarked to me, "What a hard heart must mine be that these blows cannot break it!" Yet he might have remembered that when the darkness is deepest (midnight), the light is near.

Unlike Coleridge, who had no sympathy with local associations (the little smoky parlour of the "Salutation and Cat," near Smithfield, where he, Jem White—the author of "Falstaff's Letters"—and Elia, in early life, had spent so many intellectual hours, he did not, in after years, care to be reminded of), Lamb venerated and visited places known to traditionary fame. In the Autumn of 1823, after dining at Colebrooke Cottage with him and Robert Bloomfield, I accompanied the two poets to the celebrated "Queen Elizabeth's Walk" at Stoke Newington, which had become Lamb's favourite promenade in summer, for its wild flowers, upon which he could never tread with indifference; for its seclusion and its shade. He would watch the setting sun from the top of old Canonbury Tower, and sit contemplating the starry heavens, (for he was a disciple of Plato, the great Apostle of the Beautiful!) until the cold night air warned him to retire. He was hand and glove with Goodman Symes, the then tenant of this venerable Tower and a brother antiquary in a small

way, who took pleasure in entertaining him in the oak-panelled chamber where Goldsmith wrote his "Traveller," and supped on butter-milk; pointing at the same time to a small coloured portrait of Shakespeare in a curiously carved gilt frame, which Lamb would look at lovingly, and which, through the kindness of a late friend,* has since become mine. He was never weary of toiling up and down the steep, winding, narrow stairs of this suburban pile, and peeping into its fly corners and cupboards, as if he expected to discover there some hitherto hidden clue to its mysterious origin! The ancient hostelrys of Islington and its vicinity he also visited. At the Old Queen's Head he puffed his pipe, and quaffed his ale out of the huge tankard presented by a certain festive Master Cranch, of a Bonifacial aspect and hue, to a former host, in the Old Oak Parlour where, according to tradition, Sir Walter Raleigh received full souse in his face the humming contents of a jolly Black Jack from an affrighted clown who, seeing clouds of tobacco smoke curling from the Knight's nostrils and mouth, thought he was all on fire! It was here that he chanced to fall in with that obese and burly figure of fun Theodore Hook, who came to take a last look at this historical relic before it was pulled down. Hook† accompanied

* Richard Percival, Esq., banker, of Lombard Street, and Highbury.

† We scorn the grey head we should revere when crowned with the cap and bells. What says Shakespeare?

"How ill white hairs become a fool and jester."

him to Colebrooke Cottage which was hard by. During the evening Lamb (lightfome and lissom) proposed a race round the garden; but Hook (*a cochon à l'angraisse*, purfy and puffy, with a nose as radiant as the red-hot poker in a pantomime, and whose gait was like the hobblings of a fat goose attempting to fly) declined the contest, remarking that he could outrun nobody but "the constable." * In the Sir Hugh Myddleton's Head "*Elia*" would often introduce his own, for there he would be sure to find, from its proximity to Sadler's Wells, some play-going old crony with whom he could exchange a convivial "crack," and hear the celebrated Joe Grimaldi call for his "namesake" (a tumbler!) of "*sweet and pretty*" (rum punch!); challenging Boniface to bring it to a "rummer!" Many a gleeful hour has he spent in this once rural hostelry (since razed and rebuilt) in fumigation and fun. Though now a retired "country gentleman," luxuriating in the Persian's Paradise, "something to see, and nothing to do," he occasionally enjoyed the amusements of the town. He had always been a great fight-feer (as early as 1802 he piloted the Wordsworths through Bartlemy Fair), and the

But the jester not unfrequently meets with his match, and thereby becomes disconcerted. For the buffoon can no more endure to be out-fooled, than Nero to be out-fiddled.

* "Thy credit wary keep; 'tis quickly gone;
Being got by many actions; lost by one."

RANDOLPH.

ruling passion still followed him to his Islingtonian Tusculum. "One who patronises," said he, "as I do, St. Bartlemy, must have a kindred inkling for my Lord Mayor's Show. They both possess the charm of antiquity." Profanely speaking, I fear he rather preferred the Smithfield Saturnalia; not that he loved the curule chair and its Mayor, the men in armour, the city coach, the broad banners and broad faces, the turtle and venison,* of London's corporation less, but that he loved dwarfs, giants, penny-trumpets, posture-masters, and learned pigs more; to say nothing of those favoury and fable attractions, the fried sausages (not ambrosial fare!) and the little sweeps! He had a quick ear, and a quick step for Punch and Judy, preluded by the eternal Pandean pipes and drum; and it was not until Punch, with commendable ferocity, had perpetrated all his traditional extravagances, and was left crowing and cacchinating solus on the scene, that he was to be coerced or coaxed away. Many a penny he has paid for a peep into a puppet-show, and after his final retirement to Edmonton in the Spring of 1833, he, in my company, revisited its fair in the September following, and renewed old acquaintanceship with the clowns and conjurers.

This happy change of life and scene, this moral sunshine—he had vanquished evil by resisting it—

* The world of the Hindoos was founded, they say, on a turtle. Qy. Is not a city alderman's too?

produced the best effects upon his constitution (sickly frames are the homes of sickly fancies) and mind. Those spectre-haunted day and night dreams, (ghastly and grotesque!) that he so fearfully describes, no longer distracted him, and he lost that nervous irritability and restlessness which at one time threatened to become a permanent disease. His eyes recovered their lustre, his step its firmness, his pulse its regularity, and his appetite its tone. "I have the stomach," said he, "of a Heliogabalus and the gorge of a garreteer!" He had not become a "sadder"—for he was as full of felicitous absurdities as ever—but a "wiser" man. All rejoiced at his rejuvenescence. To his taciturn friend George Dyer, who had broken the fast and long Lent of his tongue and asked for eggs at the breakfast-table, he excused himself for not producing them, by gravely asserting there had been a "strike" amongst the fowls, and that no more eggs would be laid for the present; which that "good natured heathen" * as potently believed, as he did the same romancer's confidentially-whispered intelligence that the "Great Unknown" of the Waverley Novels was Lord

* Elia took mischievous pleasure in playing upon the credulity of George. He once disturbed his digestion of a plentiful supper of plump natives by insinuating that he might, unwittingly, have been guilty of cannibalism, by swallowing a two-legged idler or two; seeing that the Scotch philosopher Lord Kaimes (his oracle and prophet) said that men, by inaction, degenerate into oysters!

Castlereagh! As our friendship increased (we had now become nearer neighbours) our discourse grew more confidential, and I learnt to my gratification, not to say, surprise—for in the wild sallies of his mirth many an unguarded expression hardly consistent with the Pharisee's superficial sobriety had escaped from him—that he was deeply impressed with the sublime truths of religion; with the health, beauty, and joyousness of the Christian faith; and that intellectual piety added another charm to his character. I say *intellectual* piety, because much controversy has been wasted on its obvious meaning; as if piety belonged only to the unlearned, and was not the result both of reason and revelation. That “pearl of days,” the Sabbath, he kept holy. He loved the Temple where the Word of God was spoken and His Praise was sung. He pronounced the Liturgy of the Church of England the most devout, comprehensive and glorious of heavenly inspirations; often quoting the saying of George Herbert, “Give me the prayers of my Mother, the Church—there are none like hers.” The gorgeous chant and psalm, “the ornament of God’s service, and a help to devotion,”* and the exquisite Evening Hymn which he had lisped at his mother’s feet in childhood, melted him to tears. The Hallelujah Chorus and its stupendous “Amen!”—the Dead March in Saul, that marvellous inspiration!—the great organ

* Hooker.

roaring and pealing with a mighty utterance of sound, the silver-clear young trebles singing out, and the deep base responding mournfully, were almost too overpowering, in their incomparable cumulative grandeur and pathos, for his painfully sensitive nerves. The beatific visions that such music inspires can hardly be less sublime and thrilling than those which inspired it!* He never used an oath, or profaned the HOLY NAME.† He had no stereotyped sanctimonious “God willings.” The Divine permission was a well-understood proviso in every engagement and promise that he made. With him

“A witty sinner was the worst of fools;”

a skull grinning at its own ghastliness! charnel-house joviality!

Singularly charitable in judging of others, he was not for sending to Dr. Faust’s great patron all who differed from him in religious belief.‡ He scorned

* Our forefathers were fond of psalmody. Bishop Jewel, in a letter written in the reign of Elizabeth, says, “There will be 6000 people all singing together at Powle’s Cross.”

† Other sins seem to afford pleasure or profit. “Were I an epicure,” says Herbert, “I could hate swearing.”

‡ This he sometimes carried to excess. He affected to be very angry with a friend for thus characterizing one of his (Elia’s) *quondam* acquaintances. Not, he confessed, for his want of truth, but of charity.

“ . . . the sycophant and schemer,
 . . . the democrat and dreamer,
 . . . the impudent blasphemer
 Of his God and his Redeemer.”

the economical caution of penny-wise philanthropy (hard cash is ever deaf to pauper eloquence!) that shuts its heart against the street-beggar.* “*Vive les gueux!*” If in mid-winter (poverty’s most pinching time) he buttoned up his furtout, he unbuttoned his pockets. “It is an accepted maxim,” he would say, “that twenty rogues had better escape punishment, rather than that one innocent man should suffer. I therefore hold that to be duped by a score of begging impostors out of a few paltry pence is not half so bad as denying one deserving applicant.” He had a deep reverence for the grandeur of old age, and never refused grey hairs. To the halt and the blind he was equally compassionate, and he pointed to a fine engraving of Belisarius (“*Dare obolum Belisario*”) that adorned his dining-room as his excuse. He lamented the cold, callous utilitarian tendencies of the day, and the grim cant of political economists (“one-eyed men,” as Dr. Arnold calls them), which he pronounced “all Malthus and Betty Martin, O!” (*Martineau*). He denied their title to philosophers; for philanthropy and philosophy were never intended to be disunited, but to work together for the common good.†

* “Who beg a mean support from door to door,
And bear the worst of scandals—to be poor.”

† The gigantic frauds (humorous eccentricities!) that have of late years been perpetrated—a “*Bank*” too often meaning a “*Bubble*,” and a “*Company*” a “*Conspiracy*”—would almost

His judgment was ever open to correction and his heart to tendernefs. Sorrow had tempered and given mildnefs to his character; while time, instead of contracting, had enlarged his exuberant benevolence. His candour and generofity knew no

justify the punishment (hanging) which, with grim humour, *Elia* propofed to inflict upon defaulters. "A man," he remarked, "may be what in common parlance is called 'an honeft tradesman,' yet, morally fpeaking, a great rafcal, and 'much a liar.'" In a par-boiled ftate between virtue and vice. And feeing how continually the "right" is facrificed to the "expedient," he readily endorfed the faying of Autolicus, "Faith is a fool, and honefty, his fworn brother, a very fimple gentleman."

"There's fo much roguery running through
All that Commercials fay and do,
And Gammon and Mammon, by Jupiter Ammon,
We can't tell whether the rogues lie in leather,
(Tho' I guefs at the bottom of leather we've got 'em!)
In Spelter, Felt, or Indigo Blue—
Or where the deuce a fcrew is loofe,
Or Who's Who in the Bill-rigging crew."
With a myftical shrug and a mortified mug
Croaks Broadbrim the Quaker to Slyboots the Jew,
As he counts the coft of lucre loft
In Bills overdue that (Kite-flyers two!)
I-wifh-you-may-get-it on *Do-'em-Brown* drew,
And *Aldgate-Pump* (one of the Rump!) endorfed in a lump—
Orator Mum, doggedly dumb!
Touch'd his nofe with his finger and thumb —
Which Hebraic Hieroglyphic
(Cautious, cute, and cunning Jew!)
Terfely meant—retort terrific!
"Brother Broadbrim, more fool you!"

Quo, BENJAMIN BROSKY.

bounds, in confessing an error and in repairing an injury. His resentments were quick and brief, and, the impulse past, were sincerely repented of. Of such a character was his unhappy difference with Southey; and the ready forgiveness and unfailing affection of that fast and incomparable friend he never alluded to without a tremor and a tear. But there was a trinity of idiosyncrasies that he could never conquer. His hatred of injustice, his contempt for purse-pride, (the mounted mendicant!), and his impatience of fools.

He was scrupulously polite and delicate in his attentions to women whom, when intellectual and amiable, he regarded with chivalric devotion. His taste inclined to pensive loveliness, rather than to stately, luxuriant beauty. Lustrous eyes, to him, looked sweetest in the soft and quiet shade of a tranquil brow. He avoided, with a gentle shudder, the "Strong-minded Woman," (*Hic Mulier!*) and that twin-ogress Bonnel Thornton's voluminous "Mighty good sort of a Woman" with their lavish expenditure of language; regarding them as anything but "Angels in the house," and only fit to be yoked to a Yankee,* or a Yahoo prepared to undergo a mar-

* A Dealer in "notions" and wooden nutmegs at Nashville; the Boniface of a liquor store at Cincinnati; a petty-fogging provincial Attorney who, living by setting people by the ears, deserves to lose his own; a Rail-splitter at New York; or a Federal Shepherd who tells his black sheep to fight the Confederates till "hell freezes, and then to fight

tyrdom of marrowbones. At weddings, birth-days and christenings he was a social charm. In a mixed company he was often disappointing; being taciturn when the talk took a sounding brassy turn. But among chosen friends,—then his heart began to lighten! then his thoughts began to brighten! His youthful liveliness returned, and his graceful scholarship, and wit, mellowed by wisdom, had their full play.

“I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching,” says Portia in the “Merchant of Venice;” which saying *Elia* would apply reproachfully to himself after lecturing some bibulous friend. What valuable lessons of commercial prudence did Sir Walter Scott waste upon Terry touching accommodation bills,* while he suffered ‘*Aldiborantiphoscophornio*,’ and ‘*Rigdum Funnidos*’ to fly kites upon him in ‘sheaves!’ But Sir Walter, being incapable of evil-doing himself, suspected it not in others. He was an honest man who needed no other bond but his word, no other witness but his God.

them on the ice!” (*qualifying for the Presidency!*) praising matrimony, as men do good mustard, with tears in their eyes!

“Semper habet lites, alterna jurgia lectus,

In qua nupta jacet: minimum dormitur in illa.”

JUVENAL.

* “There be two chief classes of fools in the world,” wrote the Roman philosopher, “those, namely, who give advice, and those who refuse it.”

The tedious retailer of truisms—" *Ex nihilo nihil fit*"—would often smart under the tartness of his raillery. I once heard him silence a phlegmatic matter-of-fact man who was aping "Sir Oracle" as ridiculously as Christopher Sly playing the Lord, or Abon Haffan the Caliph, with the following extemporaneous effusion:—

" 'Tis true, quite true,
That twice one 's two,
That old 's not new,
That black 's not blue,
That grog 's not glue,
That Sal 's not Sue,

That you 're not me, and I 'm not you."

Nor do I think the dunderpate (a weazened Pantaloon who never looked beyond his pipe) had the wit to be disconcerted. His mock *Life of Lifton* ("of all the lies I ever put off," he says, "I value this the most") and his letter to his friend Manning at Canton, giving a fabulous account of the deaths and burials of all their old co-mates; of the mishap to the Monument, the tumbling down of St. Paul's, and the exit of King Charles from Charing Cross, may be cited as fair examples of Touchstone's "lie circumstantial." He had no taste for "sensation" poetry, crabbed crambo, "cackling fustian;" the popularity of which was to him a standing marvel. "I ficken," said he, "on the modern rhodomon-

tade* and Byronism." And in a letter to the Quaker-Bard, Bernard Barton, he remarks, "I can no more understand Shelley than you. His poetry is 'thin sown with profit or delight.' " This very sensible judgment is confirmed by Hazlitt, who asserts with truth, "Nobody was ever wiser or better for reading Shelley." He hated "scrofulous French novels" varnishing and gilding over vice, and would willingly have seen their authors indebted to the tar-brush for their suit of fables and to the feather-bed for their penal plumes. The heroes of the white cap and halter, the Dick Turpins and Company were his aversion, whether they figured away in a transpontine drama in the flamboyant style, or a drawing-room romance consecrated to the glorification of the highwayman and the burglar. Of Cowper he was an enthusiastic admirer. "I would forgive a man," he says, "for not enjoying Milton, but I would not call that man my friend who should be offended with the divine chitchat of Cowper." And he adds, "I do so love him!" Sir Walter Scott was a great favourite with him, and he applauded the late Lord Ellesmere for declaring that he would gladly change his title and fortune to be the author of *Waverley*; for which Croker (*Tadpole!*) called his lordship "a romantic fool!"

* "What signifies me hear if me no understand?" says Mungo in the "Padlock." Icarus, by flying too high, melted his waxen wings and fell into the sea.

To the gangrened envy of contemporary critics * who, like a people mentioned by Rabelais, hear with their eyes and understand with their elbows, he owed small thanks. What was it to them, penny paragraph-mongers—two steps above a fool, and a great many below a wise man—that in a book they were unjustly abusing might lie the hopes, the heart and the fortune of its author? Gifford,† renowned for his editorial amenities,‡ and whose iron soul was irony, could find no better name for him than “Atheist,” and “Maniac,” and the garreteers of Grub Street, with vulturine noses for scenting carrion, followed their leader in full cry. “Dulness,” in vituperating the “Album Verses,” (the bee con-

* As soon will flies forego their love of honey, or sharks decline their prey as these anonymous shadows conquer their craving appetite for scandal. Their philosophical coolness under correction is worthy of the libelling luminary of the *New York Herald*, who, whenever he was scourged for his abuse, took no further notice of the flagellation beyond placarding his office with this notice, “*Third Edition. Corrobided again!*”

† “Gifford,” says Washington Irving, “is a small, shrivelled, deformed man of about 60, with something of a humped back, eyes that diverge, and a very large mouth. He is generally reclining on one of the sofas (in Murray’s drawing-room), and supporting himself by the cushions, being very much debilitated. He is mild and courteous in his manners, without any of the petulance that you would be apt to expect, and is quite simple, unaffected and unassuming.”

‡ “*Taisez-vous, taisez-vous, petite!*” said Majendie, to a tortured hound that howled beneath his scalpel in the vivisection hall.

verts to honey, the spider to poison) sent him an assailant, which provoked the indignation of the ever-generous Southey, who came to the rescue of his old friend, and spared not the "childish treble" of the offender. Admired and beloved by a large circle of friends for his original genius, for his upright, cordial, and sincere nature, he could well afford to forgive; but I question if his forgiveness extended to Gifford for mutilating his Review of Wordsworth's "Excursion," composed in his happiest vein, and then palming the spurious article, as a genuine one, on the "Quarterly." That he could be merry even under his own mishap, we know—for when he found the malcontents perversely bent on hissing his farce of "Mr. H." off the stage, he (unlike the miser of Horace, who used to console himself for the hisses of the people by applauding himself at home) good humouredly joined in the hissing too!

Spring and Autumn were his favourite months. The geniality and beauty of the one brought with them verdure, hope, and joy; the falling leaves, fading flowers, and hollow whistling winds of the other, were exquisite responses to his constitutional melancholy. In these seasons I was often his companion in walks to Hornsey's ivy-mantled church, and vale; sometimes recreating ourselves at the "*Compasses*," the piscatory rendezvous of certain Waltonians who made that river-side and rural hostelry their congenial house of call. Or, continuing our ramble through healthy villages over-

looking glorious landscapes, and picturesque cottages surrounded by garden ground, mounting stiles and threading thickets, we would make the "*Bald-faced Stag*" at Finchley (where good cheer and moderate charges invited the wayfarer) our halting-place for the day's refectio*n*. There a right flavoury dinner of pork chops ("Socrates," he said, "loved wild boar, Sophocles truffles, and why should not pig's meat be *my* gastronomical vanity?"), and a temperate libation crowned our "*Shoemaker's Holiday*," and the moon and stars lighted us to our homes. In the Spring of 1827 these cheerful days (which may be truly said to have been among the happiest of his life), these pleasant wanderings, came to an end.

Considerations for his sister's declining health induced him, not without regret, to quit his favourite Colebrooke Cottage, and retire to "the snuggest, most comfortable house" at Enfield, Chase-Side. Here he anticipated "comfort." After giving the monotonous experiment a fair trial, and finding it completely fail, he relinquished housekeeping (his domestic goods and chattels having all "faded away under the auctioneer's hammer") and quietly "settled down" (himself and sister) "as poor boarders and lodgers" with a respectable couple, next door; "the Baucis and Baucida of dull Enfield!" But the "fine old sea songs," and the "one anecdote" of his septuagenarian host—with the occasional visits of his friends, but ill repaid him for what

he had foregone. He became a prey to the *maladie de l'angeur*. The companionless summer days were too long for him, as were the solitary winter nights. London,* "shirtless! bootless!" was the home he sighed for. In the Spring of 1833 he finally removed from Enfield to Church Street, Edmonton, the very dreariest and dullest of all his domiciles, where he died in December, 1834.

His melancholy accident and its fatal result were unknown to me, until one dark and chilly day in December, when, anticipating (alas! for the uncertainties of poor human nature) his wonted warm welcome, I reached his lodgings. The window-shutters were closed! I stood hesitating; afraid to knock at the door. The dismal, heart-breaking death-bell tolled heavily. Could its knell be for sister Mary? A not unlikely surmise, for she was ailing, and some years his senior. I crossed over to

* This love of London had not prevented him from taking holiday trips to Cambridge, Hastings, and "Lutetia the Great," and visiting Coleridge at Stowey and Kewick. He had seen the setting sun gilding the crest of the majestic Skiddaw: (his friend Leigh Hunt called a mountain "a huge impostor!") and the moon silvering the translucent waters of Windermere, with a vivid sense of their grandeur and beauty. But as in journeying he carried Fleet Street and the Strand with him as regularly as his portmanteau; their gay shops, and exhibitions, like Mr. Simkin's "gripe and hickup," in the New Bath Guide, were his companions, though much more pleasant ones, "wherever he went."

"From Lands new found, new luxuries are whirl'd,

And London is the Autumn of the world."

the churchyard, and stood beside an open and very deep grave. It was for *Elia*! . . . Many surprises and shocks I have suffered in my life; but none so sudden and so sad as this.

In a tedious sickness and a lingering death, one noble faculty of mind and body passes away after another, until the final extinction of both, and the long-delayed melancholy wreck is complete. "*Elia*" was mercifully spared this slow agony; for, without that awful suddenness which warns us to "die daily," his passage through the dark valley was unprotracted and almost painless. Such is the fleeting remembrance of man.

Have I wearied you?—To this question silence was my reply. Uncle Timothy sympathized with my emotion, and concluded with the following tribute to the memory of his friend:—

“He fell asleep. He sank to rest
Serenely on his Saviour’s breast;
His Master’s work, like David’s, done;
His crown, like David’s, nobly won!

He fell asleep. To death resign’d,
No anxious wish he left behind,
But that his friends some happy day
Might pass, like him, in peace away.

He fell asleep. He finds repose
In that green, silent spot he chose,*

* “This spot, about a fortnight before his death, he had

And many a pensive pilgrim there,
In fond remembrance, breathes a prayer."

I now accompanied Uncle Timothy in some few turns round his flower garden; after which we retired to his library, where we spent the remainder of the day. The theme on which he dwelt most was the inexhaustible bounty of the Almighty. "How sublime," he said, "is the idea" (pointing to the sun that was setting upon what seemed a lustrous pillow of ruby and amethyst, fringed with burnished gold, and changing every instant, but only to become more varied and intense), "that yon glorious orb, in its mysterious beauty, is the Gate of Heaven where the blest spirits of dear departed friends are waiting to welcome us. The immortal soul yearns for some rock whereon to build its hope, and this is mine." . . . In this high and happy mood I left him to enjoy that

"Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd."

pointed out to his sister, on an afternoon wintry walk, as the place where he wished to be buried."—TALFOURD.



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

IN the volume just issued (1857) of a new edition of the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” appears a Memoir of Dr. Johnson, written by Mr. Macaulay, in such an elaborate spirit of depreciation, and with such gross caricature, that I am induced to rescue his memory from this injustice.

If the world would behold a lofty intellect in a low estate; independence of character and integrity of principle that no temptation could compromise, no necessity overcome; self-respect proudly repelling scorn, and endurance too haughty to complain; a heart that never conceived an untruth, and a tongue that never told one; deep love and devotion to God, and great benevolence to man;—if the world would behold a picture so illustrious, let it turn to the honourable and honoured life of Samuel Johnson.

With his noble features seamed and scarred, and his herculean frame convulsed and shaken by an hereditary and a cruel disease; with a constitutional morbid melancholy that ever kept him trembling on

the verge of insanity ; with a defective sight, an awkward address, and miserably poor ; in those evil days when

“ Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail,”

were the scholar's patrimony and the poet's reward, was Samuel Johnson, at two-and-twenty, cast upon this harsh world.

As usher of a grammar school, humble dependant in the house of a country gentleman, schoolmaster of three scholars, and bookseller's hack (hunger is a low door through which how many a noble spirit has been compelled to creep!), he passed the first seven years of his literary life. It was not until 1738 that he became favourably known to the public as an author. The May of that auspicious year for his future fame saw the publication of his “ London.” The success of this noble poem was instantaneous and complete. Pope warmly praised it, and generously did his best to serve the obscure author, but failed in the attempt.

Still doomed to task his over-wrought brain to keep the bailiffs from his person and the wolf from his door ; meanly lodged, poorly fed, and coarsely clad ; conscious of his great powers, and brooding over their niggardly reward, Johnson passed five more years of ill-requited mental toil.

The death of the unhappy, self-willed Richard Savage once more awakened him. They had been

companions in misery; they had walked together the dark, deserted streets—

“Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light,
The sons of care are always sons of night,”

—hungry, houseless, and penniless; vowing, in their pauper-patriotism, to “stand by their country!” Though Savage was a profligate, and Johnson the reverse, the brilliant wit, engaging manners, and unmerited misfortunes of Savage had made Johnson his friend. No wonder, then, that he should remember him with affection and regret.

His “Life of Savage,” though occasionally touching with a too tender hand vices that deserve condemnation, glossing over others, and magnifying into virtues small acts of impulsive benevolence, is on the whole a striking picture of the man in whom right and wrong, good and evil, were so singularly combined.

In 1749 he published “The Vanity of Human Wishes.” In sonorous and stately verse the satirist shows that nothing man can acquire here is worth his coveting; so fleeting is earthly happiness, so ephemeral is human fame! Yet he leaves him not in despair. His prophetic pen points heavenward, where “celestial wisdom,” her peace here and her reward hereafter, are only to be found. Sir Walter Scott declared that he never rose from the perusal of those two grand poems, “London” and “The

Vanity of Human Wishes," without feeling his mind refreshed and invigorated.

The representation of *Irene* at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of his old pupil, David Garrick, soon followed. Its just sentiments, beautiful imagery, and vigorous language, did not atone for its want of dramatic interest and stage effect. It was written on too classical a model to please the million :—

“Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could
praise.”

It was played nine nights to frigid audiences, and then withdrawn. It is the only work of Johnson that ever brought him more money than fame. It produced him three hundred pounds.

“The Rambler” was his next publication. By the judicious few its eloquent and heart-stirring lessons of virtue and wisdom, and its occasional flashes of wit and humour, were greatly admired. In simplicity, elegance, variety, and in that exquisite faculty of portrait-painting, so peculiar to Addison, it falls short of “The Spectator.” But in grandeur of expression, depth of thought, and sublimity, (always excepting the “Vision of Mirza,”) it far excels that celebrated work. In a letter from Elizabeth Carter to Miss Highmore, dated April 23, 1752, in my possession, that most learned and excellent

lady says:—"I extremely honour the just indignation you express at the cold reception which has been given by a stupid, trifling, ungrateful world to 'The Rambler.' You may conclude, by my calling names in this courageous manner, that I am as zealous in the cause of this excellent paper as yourself. But we may both comfort ourselves that an author who has employed the noblest powers of genius and learning, the strongest force of understanding, the most beautiful ornaments of eloquence in the service of virtue and religion, can never sink into oblivion, however he may be at present too little regarded." How gloriously has this noble prophecy been fulfilled!

Johnson, thanks to the unpatronized exertion of his powers, had established a lasting reputation. His writings had given "ardour to virtue and confidence to truth." However highly public expectation had been raised by his long-promised Dictionary, it was more than realized when that marvel of research, learning, and industry was given to the world. He was by universal acclamation placed at the head of lexicographers and critics. Lord Chesterfield might have been honoured with the dedication had he in the first instance condescended to lend a helping hand to a man of genius struggling hard with adversity. But this mock Mæcenæ neglected the golden opportunity, and was indignantly spurned when, puff in hand, at the eleventh hour, he stooped to propitiate the poor poet. Disappointed and disconcerted, the

supercilious, profligate peer returned to his vanities, his pimp, his parasite, and his player.*

“The Idler” appeared in 1758, and then “Rasselas.” A sacred duty (he had lost his mother at the age of ninety, and had to pay the expense of her funeral) impelled him to write the latter. Never did the poet’s function assume a more sublime aspect, nor a holier purpose awake his inspiration. What a paradise of good spirits was his chamber! of ministering angels assisting, encouraging, and crowning his labours! Where was the imputed meanness of poverty at that august hour? With such celestial visitants it was an ennobling privilege to be poor! *Non omnis moriar!* Poverty had wrung from him “London,” “The Vanity of Human Wishes,” and “The Rambler,” and another bright emanation was about to appear, inspired by a nobler motive, filial piety; and grief pure, chastened and refined. *Non omnis moriar!* Beyond the gates of death are the portals of immortality.

* The following lines are written in the first volume of a copy of the Earl of Chesterfield’s Letters to his Son:—

“Vile Stanhope—demons blush to tell,
In twice two hundred places,
Has shown his son the road to hell,
Escorted by the Graces!

But little did th’ ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them,
For base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneak’d to hell without them.”

Johnson had now all but reached the summit "where fame's proud temple shines afar." He had been honoured by his sovereign with an unexpected interview, and had received from him a compliment as graceful as it was just. The University of Oxford presented him with a Doctor's degree. The Royal Academy conferred upon him a Professorship, and with the public he was the observed of all observers; not, as his caricaturists say, for the eccentricity of his personal appearance and manners, but for the splendour of his talents and the dignity of his character. He, too, was the leading luminary of a literary club, that reckoned among its members Burke, Wyndham, Langton, Reynolds, Sir William Jones, Gibbon, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, and Garrick; where the "talk" might have rivalled those "wars of wit" that have made the "Mermaid," the "Falcon," and the "Devil" (O, that *Apollo* room where Ben Jonson presided!) the taverns for all time; where, as Shakerly Marmion said—

"The boon Delphic god
Drinks sack, and keeps his Bacchanalia,
And has his incense, and his altars smoking,
And speaks in *sparkling prophecies*;"

and in intellectual gladiatorship have compared with those "combats of the tongue" that have immortalized *Will's* and *Button's*. Such an association of intellect, where worldly distinctions are unknown, where rank lays down its state, and genius forgets

the inequalities of fortune, is a degree of human happiness not often attained.

Literature, that found Johnson poor, had kept him so. What owed *he* to the world that owed so much to *him*? For “London,” ten guineas; for “The Vanity of Human Wishes,” fifteen; for the “Dictionary,” fifteen hundred guineas; for “Irene,” three hundred pounds; for “Rasselas,” one hundred pounds; some “large (?) subscriptions” for his promised edition of Shakespeare; a few pounds for the “Life of Savage;” and for the “Rambler” as many shillings as the publisher could afford him out of not quite one thousand weekly twopences for two unthankful years;—sums that had but barely provided for the day that was passing! In the year 1762, his invaluable contributions to literature were tardily rewarded with a royal pension of three hundred a-year.

His long-delayed edition of Shakespeare at length appeared, provoked, as it is good-naturedly said, by the sarcastic question of Churchill—

“He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes their cash—*but where’s the book?*”

It certainly “added nothing to the fame of his abilities and learning.” The preface, however, is ample and luminous. It says nearly all that can be said of Shakespeare. It is the rich mine whence succeeding editors have extracted their critical gold, and is one of the finest specimens of prose writing in any language.

A still brighter day was now dawning upon him. In 1765 began that celebrated friendship between the Thrales and Johnson which continued uninterrupted for a period of about sixteen years. This friendship opened to him an entirely new scene, that sweetest of social amenities, an elegant, a hospitable, and happy home. A liberal table, a handsome equipage, a well-selected library, pure air, and the choicest society, were now at his command. The advantages were reciprocal. The household at Streat-ham acquired a literary celebrity by the presence of Johnson, and entertained a succession of illustrious guests, drawn thither by the charms of his conversation, such as it had never seen before, and such as England is not likely soon to see again. In the company of his kind friends, whose chief study was to anticipate his wants and wishes, he made several pleasant provincial tours, and once he paid with them a visit to Paris.

It was during this green and sunny interval of Johnson's drudging, dreary life, that he produced his crowning work, the "Lives of the Poets." The curious anecdotes that he had treasured up in his memory, his extensive and multifarious reading, the biographical and analytical turn of his mind, his love of comparative criticism, and his profound knowledge of human character, well qualified him for the arduous task. He undertook it readily, and performed it *con amore*. His time was his own. He had no pecuniary or domestic anxieties. He was

neither hurried nor harassed. "Easy writing," said Sheridan, "is deuced hard reading." Upon this work Johnson bestowed his best pains. He selected every word (and always the right one) with critical care, and elaborated every sentence into force and clearness. I have good evidence of this, for the printer's proof-sheets of the majority of the Lives, with many hundred corrections and additions in Johnson's autograph (precious relics!), are now before me. Among "flowers of all hues," it is difficult to select one of more grace and beauty than another. The ingenious and original analysis of Cowley, and the fine comparison between Dryden and Pope, are among the very choicest in the garland.

The death of Thrale threw Johnson back again on his solitude and resources. The wealthy, weak-minded widow began to look coldly upon him, and when he gently remonstrated, she was petulant and perverse. His rusty suit of sober brown, black worsted or cotton stockings, unbuttoned vest, ungartered hose, unbuckled shoes, and uncombed Gorgon wig (which she was in continual fear he would set fire to when he lighted himself to bed), suddenly became intolerable in her altered view of the philosopher. She had fallen in love with one Piozzi, her daughter's Italian music-master. This is the delicate dame whose olfactory nerves sickened at the savoury aroma of roast goose (how feelingly did Johnson rebuke her fine ladyship's affectation!) because it scented the whole house! and could yet endure the

fulsome breath of a foreign fiddler, puffing into her too willing ear his amorous palaver! "It shakes the sides of splenetic disdain" to see the *Fanfaron* supplanting the *Philosopher*. A chapter read from the Greek Testament, and a valedictory prayer, during the delivery of which his great heart had well-nigh burst with emotion, solemnized his final leave-taking of the library, and he quitted his once happy home for ever.

The miserably deluded woman married her musician, and fled from universal reproach to a more congenial clime, where such an act

"That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,"

would pass unreproved.

Johnson's journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, in the autumn of 1773, with Boswell, produced his book upon that subject. He described accurately and vividly what he saw. Naked craggy rocks, watery wastes, black moors, boiling torrents pouring down the steep sides of lofty hills, bogs, mists, wild scenery, and a people as wild! He beheld beauty and refinement, partook of elegant hospitality, joined in pleasant talk, and was welcomed with national dances, music, and songs, amidst mountain solitudes, beating billows, and the howling storm. He explored venerable abbeys that time had gently touched with a sublimer beauty;

stood reflective and sad before sacred ruins charred and blackened by the fiery torch of the destroyer; visited the lonely cemeteries of the ancient Scottish kings; and mourned over the defecrated monuments of saints and warriors, marble altars ignominiously thrown down, and chapels converted into cowhouses! He slept in a fine bed beneath which purled a miry puddle. He entered a cottage where a witch-like cauldron hung over a blazing peat fire, thick smoke from which wreathed through a hole in the roof, and saw a Highland ogres, black as *Lungs* in *The Alchemist* making ether, stirring up the boiling broth! He counted but few chimneys, and still fewer trees.* He described not, as fertile, a patch of land where an ear of corn never ripened and a blade of grass never grew; he mistook not illiberal sectarianism and shallow pedantry for religion and learning; nor an air profusely impregnated with physical abominations for the fragrance of orange groves. He approved not, for civility's sake, the murder of an archbishop, nor the sale of a king; nor did he palliate a bribe blackened by the smoke of treason.

* There was a great natural forest of pine trees on Speyside, in the county of Elgin, which Aaron Hill (the dramatist) describes as the Golden Groves of Abernethy. This forest was in 1728 leased to an English Company of which Hill was a director, with the intention of applying the timber to the use of the navy. The Company set to work vigorously, floated great crafts down the Spey to the sea, and managed to get 7000*l.* worth of timber out of poor, treeless Scotland!

“ I should have died for shame,
To see my king before his subjects stand,
And at the bar hold up his royal hand.”

The travelling dress of Johnson during this journey was a large, loose horseman's coat, with huge buttons; high top boots, with long straps; quickset-hedge bushy wig, that comb and brush had seldom disturbed, but now carefully dressed and curled; a low-crowned hat, with its broad sides turned up, and a club worthy of *Caliban*!

For writing this book he was abundantly abused by a clique of dunces, in whose intensely national nostrils their “energetic and unfragrant city,” as Sydney Smith calls “Modern Athens,” smelt like a bed of violets, “stealing and giving odour.”

Among the enlightened many who greatly admired it was Lord Mansfield.

As a pamphleteer Johnson ranks comparatively low. His affluent and capacious mind stooped with an awkward grace to vulgar politics. In its foul waters he inconsiderately took a plunge; but

“ He bears no tokens of the fabler's dreams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.”

He did not, like Burke,

“ To party give up what was meant for mankind.”

His sermons—cold, moral manuals, as the cant of pietism would call them—may be read with

instruction. He never hurled anathemas, he never blurted jests at the Romish Church. His own religion whispered its warning against intolerance, and his heart taught him Christian charity. His translations and smaller poems are lively and elegant, and his prologues excellent. That celebrated one, spoken by Garrick at the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, 1747, is, after Pope's sublime one to Cato, the finest in our language.

“*Haud imitatores servum pecus!*” Johnson has a host of imitators, but none of them has caught even the manner, much less reached the matter of the master. Dinarbas, a so-called continuation of *Rasselas*(!), is, perhaps, the most respectable failure. It has the nodosities of the oak without its strength, the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration.

We may not penetrate the private chamber, and exhibit Johnson in the solemn duty of adoration and prayer. His piety was passionate and profound. His were the devout, humble breathings of a broken and a contrite heart, alternately cheered by divine hope, and clouded and depressed by the doubts and fears of a morbid melancholy. His prayer, on receiving the Holy Sacrament for the *last time*, which, in his own autograph, I am now looking upon with an emotion “too deep for tears,” is tremulously written, and shows that his departure was nigh.

His life had been a “long disease.” Asthma and dropsy had greatly reduced him; when, in June,

1783, a paralytic stroke shattered his fast-sinking frame, but left uninjured his mind. We know what Addison said of Swift's lost intellect; would not Johnson's have been as melancholy a spectacle! A southern climate was recommended; but how was the expense of travel to be provided for? Lord Thurlow generously interfered to procure an addition to his pension; and if that boon should be denied, he offered to supply what might be wanted from his own purse. The monarch and his ministers were not to be moved. The Pension List groaned under the enormous weight of German pauperism. His alarming symptoms having somewhat subsided, Johnson grew more composed. He wrote an affecting and eloquent letter to Lord Thurlow, full of thanks, gratitude, and resignation.

The time was now fast approaching when this great and good man was to pass away from earth to heaven. His legs were too weak to support his weight, he breathed with difficulty, and his cough was incessant. From a constitutional malady, but more from a devout sense of his own unworthiness, he had always contemplated death with terror. Even the Psalmist could say, "The fear of death is fallen upon me." It was, however, not the mercy of God that he doubted, but his own imperfect faith and works. Yet, when the long-dreaded hour at last drew nigh, he addressed his mind devoutly and fervently to the momentous question, how the sting of death could be blunted, and victory snatched from

the grave. In the great doctrine of the Atonement he found a full deliverance from the terrors of mortality; and he, who had grasped the wide circle of human knowledge with a giant's strength, and founded the depths and shallows of the human intellect, bowed reverently to the propitiatory sacrifice, as the rock of his salvation. His setting sun, which clouds had obscured, now shone as the day-star; the Great Spirit benignantly sustained him; and his death was as calm and as grand as that of Socrates, brightened with a higher hope. "Fear not: for I am thy God." Laudanum had been offered him to soothe his bodily pain, but he refused it, desiring, as he said, "to meet his Maker with his mind unclouded." On the 13th of December, 1784, having completed his seventy-fifth year, he passed to a happier world in a tranquil sleep. "*Jam moriturus*," were the last solemn words that faltered from his dying lips.

He was followed to the grave by the choicest of his surviving friends. He sleeps among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. His majestic statue keeps its state in the Cathedral of Saint Paul.

Thus lived and thus died Samuel Johnson. His death was felt to be a public calamity. Poetry contributed her elegies, learning the classic epitaph, and biography memorials of his life. The shock which vibrated throughout the distinguished circle in which he so long had moved was severe indeed. "He has made a chasm," says Burke, "which not

only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a *tendency* to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go to the next best; there is nobody—no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson.” His was a life of intellectual, moral, and religious strength and beauty. It stands like a colossal column the base of which is hard rock—solitary, massy, and imperishable.

But for Boswell we should know little about Johnson’s personal appearance, manners, and conversation. Thanks to that faithful limner who portrayed his hero with such wondrous verisimilitude, and recorded by the midnight lamp his eloquence during the past day, for a portrait so life-like and speaking. We see Johnson in his highest mood and (“good old Homer sometimes nods”) in his lowest; in his happiest and in his saddest hours. We behold him haughty, dogmatical, contemptuous, and overbearing; but the true and bright side of his character soon shines full upon us, and we love him for his social virtues, convivial humour (lemon in hand, “Who’s for *Punch*?”), gracious condescension, and melting charity. Subjected to the provoking intrusion of purse-proud ignorance and vulgar curiosity, can we wonder that he should repulse them with impatience, and set them down without ceremony? Even the painter himself (“impertinent mixture of busy and idle!”) often meets with a rough rebuff. The fly that buzzed round Uncle Toby’s nose was not a more ingenious tormentor than Boszy, when the fussy, fummy, officious, interrogatorial, and fid-

getty fit came over him. Then would Johnson brush him off, sometimes with a rod of birch, and sometimes with one of feathers. For twenty years he contributed, by his lively conversation and agreeable manners, to smooth the rugged, downward path of the philosopher's painful pilgrimage. He incurred the displeasure of a morose father for "going over Scotland with a *brute*" (Johnson!) and forfeited forensic fame, fees, and connubial quietude—

“To lose no drop of that immortal man :”

a saying of Garrick, in allusion to his own intense admiration of Shakespeare.

Johnson held friendship sacred. Savage, Collins, Goldsmith, Garrick, and the good Gilbert Walmesley, were dear to him; and, in affectionate remembrance, he has thrown garlands upon their tombs. And when his own last hour came, Wyndham smoothed his dying pillow, and cheered his departing spirit with the holiest consolations, while the mingled tears of Burke and Reynolds told how truly they loved him.

When his old friend Davies, “the gentleman who dealt in books” (a term applied to him for his knowledge and good breeding), became bankrupt, the sympathy of Johnson was awakened in his behalf. “We must do something for poor Tom Davies,” he urged upon those of his acquaintance who had known that worthy man in his prosperous days. And the appeal was readily responded

to. The open-hearted Sheridan gave "poor Tom Davies" a free benefit at Drury Lane, and others were not behind in their benevolence. It was no small merit to have Johnson for a friend.

Nor less sacred was his humanity. Suffering had taught him to heal suffering. His house afforded a home, and his frugal table furnished a meal for the afflicted, the friendless, and the poor. His unostentatious charity gathered round him a motley group of dependants, male and female, whom he lodged and fed,—his negro servant, Frank, the blind virago Mrs. Williams, who in her frequent fits of passion would drive him from her presence, "Polly," Mrs. Desmoulins, and her daughter (small bits of gentility "tumbled into decay!"), and the adust little Doctor Levet. Levet, Mr. Macaulay, was no quack. He possessed "the power of art without the show." His humble practice was amongst the poorest of the poor:—

" In misery's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die."

Shall he then be pilloried in your page because he "bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney coachmen!" On one sad morning his accustomed chair at the breakfast-table was vacant. Johnson inquired the cause, and when told that the unassuming and aged man had during the night passed away in peace,

he melted into tears ! Elegiac poetry can hardly furnish, for simple, homely pathos, a finer specimen than Johnson's Lament for his old and attached friend.

His readiness to assist misfortune is well known. He appealed to the sympathy of one British audience in behalf of Milton's grand-daughter, then old and poor : and he propitiated another to reverse an unjust sentence on a play (*The Word to the Wise*),

“ Which public rage,

Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage,”

that the author's widow might benefit thereby. He undertook the painful task of writing Dr. Dodd's petition to the King, and Mrs. Dodd's to the Queen for pardon ; and he composed the sermon that the unhappy culprit preached to his fellow prisoners shortly before his execution.

As a perfect master of colloquial eloquence Johnson stands unrivalled. Whatever the topic of discourse, he treated it with such originality of thought, acuteness, and felicity of illustration, anticipating almost every argument, and answering almost every objection, that he left little to be added *pro* or *con*. When the sacred truths of religion were the subject, he was grave and reverent ; when philosophy and morals, he was luminous and profound. Cumberland says—

“ The *pun* that Burke encouraged, Johnson spurn'd.”

This is not true. We could point out more than one occasion when Johnson perpetrated pun after pun to a party of ladies, among whom were two precise specimens of blue-stockingship, Elizabeth Carter and Hannah More. His wit and humour, his vast fund of anecdote, and extensive knowledge of men and manners, made him highly entertaining. Sir John Hawkins says, "He was a great contributor to the mirth of conversation, by the many witty sayings he uttered, and the many excellent stories which his memory had treasured up." Murphy adds his testimony, "That with all his great powers of mind, wit and humour were his most shining qualities;" and Mrs. Piozzi declared that "his vein of humour was rich and apparently inexhaustible." We have read of his retort courteous to "waterman's wit," and how he dumbfounded and silenced a shrewish fish-wife by saying, "Madam, you are a *Ton D'apomeibomenos!*"—the unknown character of the imputation not being in the vocabulary of Billingsgate. He would, but that rarely, even defend a fallacy, in order to show his powers of argumentation; and when he preluded his reply with an "*As to that, Sir,*" or some such equivocal phrase, Garrick, who was ever wickedly on the watch to catch his old master tripping, would laughingly exclaim, "Now he is considering *which side* he shall take!" It was no ordinary charm that, night after night, and year after year, attracted and detained, unwearied, the glorious galaxy of intellect that hung

upon his eloquence. Where was his imputed "ferocity," when rank, accomplishments, and feminine beauty fondly pressed round him to hear and treasure up in their memory every word of wit and wisdom that fell from his lips? They might, under the enchanter's spell, have admired the sage; but would they, *could* they, but for some more endearing quality than eloquence, have loved, revered, and (as did the excellent Fanny Burney) mourned him as a father?

Johnson's wife has been unmercifully caricatured by Mr. Macaulay. Garrick, who in his school-boy days had often taken a fly peep through the key-hole of her chamber door, was wont, in after years, to entertain (*sub rosâ*) his laughing friends with ludicrous imitations of the "tumultuous and awkward fondness" of the Doctor for his Dulcinea. But Percy, an unimpeachable authority, warns us that Garrick's account should be read with great abatement. Might not the "little mimic" (these are not *our* words, but Mr. Macaulay's, for we love dearly dainty Davy!) who had grown rich "by repeating with grimaces and gesticulations what wiser men had written,"—might not the "monkey-like impertinence of the pupil" (Macaulay again!) have exaggerated, for stage effect, the picture? Vain and plain as she was, with her face "painted half an inch thick"—with all her "provincial airs and graces"—this "filly, affected old woman," this "tawdry, painted grandmother," dressed "in gaudy colours" (how gallantly Mr.

Macaulay bethumps the poor old lady with hard names!) was his only solace through many long years of toil, sickness, and sorrow. He submitted to her opinion, and was ever gratified with her praise. "After a few numbers of 'The Rambler' were published, Dr. Johnson showed several of them to his wife, in whose taste and judgment he had great confidence. 'I thought very well of you before,' said she, 'but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this.'" "Distant praise," continues Boswell, "from whatever quarter, is not so delightful as that of *a wife* whom a man loves and esteems; her approbation may be said to come home to his bosom, and being so near, its effect is most sensible and permanent." If every dell in her cheek was to the Doctor a dimple—if in his opaque vision she was beautiful "as the Gunnings, and witty as Lady Mary," what need of all this scandal and scurrility? Her death deeply distressed him; for many years he remembered her in his prayers, and to the last he never mentioned her name without a sigh. How mealy-mouthed is Mr. Macaulay, when speaking of Addison's wife, that haughty, heartless shrew! (*She* was a lady of quality!) How merciful to Queen Mary ("Curst is she that setteth light by her father and mother"), "a second Tullia," as Madame de Sevigné justly calls her, "who would boldly have driven over the body of her father;" and how complimentary to the

demirep Elizabeth Villiers. But then one was the wife, and the other the mistress of his idol William of Nassau!

With the same charitable pleasantry Mr. Macaulay expatiates upon Johnson's infirmities. His coughings, gruntings, gesticulations, grimaces, blinkings, twitchings, mutterings, puffings, rollings, and involuntary ejaculations, are facetiously set forth; and his violence of temper, frequent rudeness, and occasional ferocity, strange starts and strange growls, are chronicled with great gusto and glee. He describes him as dressing like a scarecrow, and eating like a cormorant; as tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans; as gorging with such violence that his veins swelled, and the moisture broke out on his forehead—adding that, “even to the last end of his life, and even at the tables of the great, the sight of food affected him as it affects wild beasts and birds of prey.” “His school-room resembled an ogre's den.” Then the many hard shifts that pinching poverty imposed upon his proud spirit are picturesquely paraded. The dens in which he had generally lodged; his pawning his best coat to enable him to dine on tripe at a cookshop underground, where he could wipe his hands, after the greasy meal, on the back of a Newfoundland dog—his love of a stale hare and a meat pie made with rancid butter—his sixpenny worth of meat and a pennyworth of bread, at an alehouse in Drury-lane

—and his coarse reflections in subterraneous beef-shops, come trippingly off the tongue.*

* The caricaturist *himself* was very far from being an Adonis. An impartial poetical friend describes him as

“Little graced,
With aught of manly beauty—short, obese,
Rough-featured, coarse complexion, with lank hair,
And small gray eyes . . . his voice abrupt,
Unmusical.”

Take his likeness by an American limner; “a little man of small voice, affected utterance, and hissing like a serpent.” *Tickler’s* portrait of “Tom” (see the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*) in reply to *Christopher North’s* question, “Is he like the papa?” is still more graphical.—“So I have heard. But I never saw the senior, of whom some poetical planter has so unjustifiably sung:—

‘How smooth, persuasive, plausible, and glib,
From holy lips has dropp’d the precious fib.’

The son is an ugly, cross-made, splay-footed, shapeless little dumpling of a fellow, with a featureless face, too—except, indeed, a good expansive forehead—sleek, puritanical, sandy hair, large glimmering eyes, and a mouth from ear to ear. He has a lisp and a burr, moreover, and speaks thickly and huskily for several minutes before he gets into the swing of his discourse—what he says is substantially, of course, mere stuff and nonsense; but it is so well-worded and so volubly and forcibly delivered that you might hear a pin drop in the house.”—Of the caricaturist’s article on Byron in the *Edinburgh*, *Christopher North* says, “In fact, it reads very like a paper in one of their early numbers; much the same sort of excellences; the smart, rapid, popgun impertinence; the brisk, airy, new-set truisms, mingled with *cold, shallow, heartless sophistries*; the conceited phlegm, the affected abruptness, the unconscious audacity of impudence, &c. &c.”

Johnson, confessedly, was fond of creature-comforts. His appetite was great, but not gross. He loved savoury tid-bits, and knew what sort of dishes should compose a dinner "to be asked to," quite as well as the most polite diner-out of the silver-fork school. Wilkes (with whom he all but refused to sit down at Dilly the bookfeller's dinner-table) practised so successfully upon this besetting sin, by assiduously helping him to every dainty, that he mollified and won over the philosopher. To the "swelling veins," and the forehead "all glittering with ungodly dew," Johnson, alas! must plead guilty. But the legend of the "tiger" and the "wild beasts and birds of prey," &c. are mere phantasies proceeding from the "heat-oppressed brain" of Mr. T. Babington Macaulay.

Johnson (according to the same candid biographer) had occasionally recourse to blows. We know his extreme sensitiveness under insult. As early as 1738 he had proclaimed it to the world:—

"Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
 Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart."

He felled with a huge folio the recreant Osborne; he gave a friendly hint to Sam Foote that a sound drubbing awaited him if the said Sam should perform his promise to the public by caricaturing him on the stage; and he invested a shilling in the pur-

chafe of a stout cudgel for the broad shoulders of Macpherfon, fhould that impudent impoftor proceed (as he threatened) to perfonal violence. Garrick faid of Johnson, when he produced his Dictionary (alluding to the French Academicians, who had produced theirs),—

“ He has *beat* forty French, and he’ll *beat* forty more,”

which, I prefume, is Mr. Macaulay’s fole authority for Johnson’s pugnacity.

In criticifing the works of Johnson, Mr. Macaulay is ready with his censure and reluctant with his praife. The Doctor was a “wretched etymologift.” The “Life of Savage” “is deficient in eafe and variety.” The fall of Wolfey, in “The Vanity of Human Wifhes,” “is feeble” when compared to that of Sejanus in Juvenal; and in the concluding paffage “the Chriftian moralift has fallen decidedly fhort of the fublimity of his Pagan model.” He had not “the flighteft notion of what blank verfe fhould be;” hence his *Irene* is “five acts of monotonous declamation.” “An allufion to his ‘Rambler’ or his ‘Idler’ is not readily appreciated in literary circles.” The plan of “*Raffelas*” “might feem to invite fevere criticifm.” It is full of anachronifms, and its fame “has grown fomewhat dim.” Than his “Shakefpeare” “it would be difficult to name a more flovenly or more worthlefs edition of any great claffic.” The preface “is not

in his best manner." In speaking of Johnson's criticisms in the "Lives of the Poets," "the brilliant essayist" and the "great historian,"* accidentally stumbles on a truth. Johnson's "very worst judgments," he says, "mean something, a praise to which much of what is called criticism in our time has no pretensions."

How such a grotesque visitor as Johnson would have been received at Holland House in its palmy days is a question. The "most admired disorder" of his wig would have exhibited a ludicrous contrast to the well-curled Brutus of the Bard of Hope, and his broad brown skirts, black stockings, and canoes of shoes, would have made the smart coat, silk hose, and polished patent pumps of Tom Little's dapper little editor "stick fiery off indeed!" The sweet finger of "Memory" would have cordially welcomed him, wig and all; for in his early days he had knocked at the door of the sage in order to get a sight of him, but ran away, lacking courage to face the "bear in his den." Mine

* A French historian once wrote an elaborate treatise to prove that Ireland was colonised by the Phœnicians. On the eve of publication some "good-natured friend" hastened to inform him that facts had been recently discovered which entirely overturned his Phœnician theory. Monsieur, with a shrug, coolly remarked, "The history is written, so much the worse for the facts." The "great historian" had evidently taken a leaf out of the Frenchman's book in the case of William Penn, &c. &c. &c.

hostess might have just endured him, and mine host good-naturedly invited him to stay all night. In which case, having perhaps occasion to write to "Polly," he might have dated his epistle from "Holland House," as Mr. Macaulay (when he dined and slept at the palace of his Sovereign) addressed an electioneering missive to his Scotch constituents from "Windfor Castle!"*

With Mr. Macaulay "the lines have fallen in pleasant places." Patronage and party-politics ("Party-spirit," says Johnson, "never left a man honest, however it might find him") have filled his pockets to repletion. Liberality has been lavished upon the "Liberal." "Let those laugh that win"—Mr. Macaulay may therefore anticipate a whole lifetime of laughter. He did not, like Johnson, come up to London with only "threepence halfpenny" in his pocket. He was not quizzed at college "for the holes in his shoes," or laughed at for his tattered gown and dirty linen. He never signed "Impransus," "gorged in alainode beef shops," or "puffed and blowed over a tripe dinner, greedily gobbled up." He was never carried to sponging-houses, and never had his plate of meat brought to him behind a screen, because his clothes were too shabby to entitle him to sit at the same table with a purse-proud

* For a severe comment on this *piece of parvenu presumption and impertinence*, read "*The Times*," and other newspapers of the day.

publisher and his prouder patron. Too much prosperity has, I fear, "been the spoil" of Mr. Macaulay. It would seem to have deadened his sympathies, I hope it has not hardened his heart. Having held up Johnson and his infirmities to the gaze of fools, and tried his works by the standard of hypercriticism, he concludes his strange memoir by pronouncing him (how provokingly patronizing!) "both a great and a good man."

Could the truculent Kenrick, the (Mr. Macaulay's own phrase) "*Pole-cat* Williams," the atheistical Soame Jenyns, whom Johnson so severely lashed for his presumptuous and stupid "Inquiry into the Origin and Nature of Evil," the profane Peter Pindar, and the "malevolent" Parson Tooke (all his libellers), have produced anything more unfeeling and offensive than Mr. Macaulay's unseemly, and loose-tongued levity?

Pictured on our walls and preserved in our portfolios, the familiar "true effie" of Johnson still fondly lives among us. His works are the staple of every well-selected library, and bring instruction and delight to our thoughtful hours. Every scrap of paper with his autograph, every book from his "garret," are treasured up as valued relics in public museums and in private cabinets. The very hair purloined by the "broom gentleman" from his old hearth-broom becomes a prize! The walks that he frequented and the houses in which he dwelt are still pointed out to the curious inquirer. The old Lime

Tree (“*Dr. Johnson’s Tree*”) in New-street, Shoe-lane (recently exposed to public view by the pulling down of the house where he used to visit Mr. Strachan), has been an attraction to thousands even in the present day ; for under its once pleasant shade, in the garden of his friend, the sage sat and thought. In every home enlightened by literature, dignified by virtue, and sanctified by religion, his name is cherished as a household word. St. John’s venerable gate shall endure when its last crumbling stone lies level with the ground, and Sylvanus Urban, who for more than a century has entirely lived upon his fame, shall, embalmed by his memory, never die.

Johnson was deeply impressed with this important truth, that where much has been given much will be required. Of the Eternal nothing is independent. Genius is but a divine emanation benignantly vouchsafed to man, for the proper use of which he is awfully responsible. At that retributive tribunal, before which the loftiest and the lowliest intellect must one day appear, the results even of Johnson’s genius may be found to have fallen short of the divine requirement. From this high argument we retreat with humility. Johnson has written enough for the instruction of mankind, and if mankind remain unimproved, it is not because the master has failed to employ his “talent,” but that the soil in which dropped its immortal seed was thankless and barren.



OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.



WHAT a world would this be of dreary sameness, and vacuous *ennui* if the utilitarian and the mammonite had it all their own way! No entertaining diversity of character, no public rejoicings, no cordial gatherings of kin and friends, no pancakes, no hot-cross-buns, no twelfth-cakes, no Christmas holidays, no Christmas-boxes, no snap-dragon, no sack-poffet, no gooseberry-fool! Where would be the Lady Bountiful at whose table the rich tasted of her hospitality, and at whose gate the poor of her charity? As yet such foes to good-fellowship are not lords paramount, and if mankind value their own happiness, they never will be. Long may they be left to the barren luxury of carping, sullen discontent, and leave charity and gratitude to meet together and shake hands. About Ben Adham prayed to be remembered as one who had loved his fellow men, and who, for that cause alone, was registered by his Angel-visitant as the first among those who had loved their God.

Christmas has for many centuries been kept 'as a national festival in Merrie England. Pomp and pageantry, song, dance, minstrelsy, and high feasting hailed and crowned its advent! All hearts were touched at this sacred season,—

“That to the Cottage, as the Crown,
Brought tidings of Salvation down.”

In the palace of Queen Elizabeth, Christmas was kept right royally. Plays were acted by the “Children of Her Majesty’s Chapel,” and magnificent masques performed by high-born ladies and lords of the court (the Queen herself not unfrequently taking a part in them) in honour of the season. Her successor King James was no less partial to these stately entertainments; employing Ben Jonson and Thomas Dekker to furnish the *libretto*, and Inigo Jones the splendid dresses and decorations. The martyred Charles—whom the Scotch sold to the English as the Prætorian Guards sold the Roman Empire to the Senator Didius, for so much hard cash—inherited the same intellectual and elegant tastes, improved by his exquisite appreciation of literature and the fine arts. He too kept merry Christmas, until treason (rebellious liberty, and democratical tyranny!) found him sterner work to do. In the castle of the feudal Baron the Lord of Misrule, the Friar (the jolliest of Capellani!), and the Fool, with Maid Marian, and Robin Hood, led the brawl; the hobby-horse frisking, curvetting,

and figuring in. The head of the "bristled boar," with a pippin between his tusks, garnished with sweet rosemary, and reposing on a silver charger, was borne with due solemnity to its place of honour in the College Hall, followed by the capacious was-sail bowl decked with gay ribbons. The bearer of this porcine pericranium (a personage of gigantic proportions) was dressed in a scarf of Lincoln green, while an empty scabbard (the naked sword belonging to which, red with the gore of the boar, was flourished by a huntsman) dangled at his side. An *avant courier* carrying a spear, and two pages in "tasfatye sarcenet," each with "a mess of mustard," completed the muster-roll. A carol then welcomed the company to their banquet, canakins clinked, and beards wagged all merrily.

In the hospitable mansion of the country gentleman Christmas was a joyous festival. What barrels of strong beer were broached, and imbibed! What hecatombs of beef, larded capons, geese, turkeys, chine, minced-pies, yule-doughs, and hackins (the ancient apology for plum-pudding), were piled upon the board! What black-jacks of nectarian juice, hot with spice and hissing with a roasted crab, went round! At these flesh-pot victories the cook was "sole Monarch of the Marrow-bones, Duke of the Dripping-pan, Marquis of the Mutton, Lord High Regent of the Spit and Kettle, Baron of the Grid-iron, and Commander of the Frying-pan!" At the dawn of day alms were distributed at the Squire's

gate to the poor ; * his tenants and neighbours entered the great hall, adorned with the spoils of the chase, and hung round with the arbutus, the holly, and the mistletoe ; while a long succession of ancestral Nimrods looked down approvingly from their quaintly-carved oak frames upon the hilarious scene. The chance wayfarer, and the homeless vagrant partook of the plentiful cheer on that jubilant day. In the country dance and junketing jig master and maid, mistress and man (merry contrasts to our modern Terpsichorean automatons and their monkey diversifements !) mingled with hearty good-will, exchanging bland and simple courtesies. The privileged gleeman struck his wild harp and tuned his flexible voice to legendary lays of war and chivalry, and songs of love, and the nightingales of obscure hostelries, to whom the stocks and the whipping-post were not unfamiliar, intoned their doggerel to the excruciating squeak of a cracked fiddle with impunity in this joyous season of a general amnesty. The robin-redbreast, tamed by the austerity of winter, sought the abode of man. Perched on the window-sill, it looked out with its keen eye for

* "Before the Reformation," writes John Aubrey, in the curious Common-place Book preserved at Oxford, "there were no poor rates, for the charitable doles given at religious houses, and church-ale in every parish did the business. In every parish there was a church-house to which belonged spits corks, &c. for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and after dinner gave their charity."

some sweet token (a plum, or an almond) of kind remembrance, and chirped its thanks! Even the criminal in his solitary cell was reminded of Christmas, by receiving some gracious memento in mitigation of his misery.

With general society Christmas was a patriarchal institution—a season of re-unions. Relations, widely dispersed during the year, met again at the family table. Old friendships were strengthened, new ones formed, and congratulation and sympathy were the order of the day. Had coldness, or neglect, caprice, or passion, jarring interests, or false pride loosened, or severed the sacred ties of duty and affection? At this glad season rivalries and enmities were forgotten and forgiven.

Christmas was especially the peasant's jubilee. From the rich man's plentiful larder his own spare board was liberally supplied, and the loving cup was brimmed by the bounty of his benefactor. The glowing embers, hissing and crackling, made merry music in the ingle; the rosy cheeks of his buxom and bonny wife, and of his chubby children brightening in the blaze. In the gratitude of his joyful heart he forgot his low estate; for poverty when cheerful ceases to be poverty. What cared he for the cold and barrenness without, when all was warm, abundant, and inspiring within? The loud blast of the "blustering railer" was drowned in the still louder laugh provoked by some tale, or jest tradition, and the "Widow Toye" (courteous dame!)

had handed down, or a "doleful dittie full of pleasant mirth and pastime" from the printing-press of Pynson and the pedlar's pack of Autolicus! How did these "trol-my-dames" make the rafters of his cottage rattle and ring again! If the fair flowers that adorned his little garden in summer slept in their causes until the return of that lovely season should awaken them to fresh bloom; the holly, with its bright red berries, and the mistletoe with every graceful pendant and pearly drop bearing a love-charm, festooned his walls; flourishing best, like charity, when all is cold and comfortless without.

In the remote villages of England it was the custom at Christmas, "when the men and maids had ended their gambols, and bed-time was coming," for the gossips to assemble round about the coal fire, and tell strange stories of hobgoblins and witches. How the candles burned blue, the chairs danced round the room, and a sheeted ghost, with a lighted taper in one hand, and a blood-red dagger in the other, stalked in, and rolling his faucer-eyes, and clanking his heavy chains, cried vengeance! The horrors of Lord Bateman's supernatural ballad, and Dr. Glanvil's terrifying tomes were frightfully realized by these superstitious crones. Fairies also were a favourite Christmas dish, and few were the grandmothers who had not seen these "little, little creatures no bigger than one's thumb," dancing in rings "where mushrooms grow," and under the moon's pale disc having a frisk to sweet music from the

gnat, the grasshopper, or the fly! And when the moon was down, and the dance was done, the same indubitable authorities had beheld the tiny Terpsichores lighted to bed by the glowworm!

Waits and carols at Christmas are almost coeval with Christianity, and doubtless owe their origin to that beautiful tradition mentioned in HAMLET:—

“Some say, that ever ’gainst that season comes
Wherein our SAVIOUR’S birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.”

The earliest Carol known is the celebrated Oxford one, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521, and sung by the Tabarder and the members in the refectory of Queen’s College, at Christmas. It is an apotheosis to the Boar’s Head, and highly bacchanalian. “*Christmas Carolles; newly imprynted at London in the Powltry, by Richard Kele, dwellyng at the longe shop under saynt Myldredes church;*” a duodecimo volume of twenty-four leaves, *rarissimus!* was in the library of Sir Francis Freeling. Its contents are of a motley character—festive, scriptural, free, and not unfrequently bordering on the profane.

In a “*Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie,*” a Poem by Thomas Lovell, “*imprynted at the long shop adjoining unto Saint Mildred’s Church in the Pultrie, by John Alde,*” no date;—“Custom” defends Minstrelsy and Dancing at all seasons, and

thinks it very hard that "Veritie" forbids them at Christmas; observing,—

"Christmas is a merry time
 Good mirth therefore to make,
 Young men and maids together may
 Their legs in daunces shake.

We see, it with some gentlemen
 A custom used to be
 At that time to provide to have
 Some pleasant minstrelsie."

In "*An Halfe-pennyworth of Wit on a Pennyworth of Paper, &c.*" by Humphrey King, 1613, is the following curious notice of Robin Hood, May-games, Milkmaids, and Tarleton the Jester, &c :—

"Let us talk of *Robin Hoode*
 And *Little John* in merry Shirwood.
 Of *Poet Skelton* with his pen,
 And many other Merry Men.
 Of *May-game Lords* and *Sommer Queenes*
 With *Milke-Maides* dancing o're the *Greenes*,
 Of merry *Tarlton* in our time,
 Whose conceite was very fine,
 Whom death hath wounded with his dart,
 That lov'd a *May-pole* with all his heart."

Herrick, in his "*Hesperides*," lamented the decline of old English hospitality. In 1678, Poor Robin (see his "*Hue and Cry after Good House-*

keeping”) puts in a plea for Christmas ; the neglect of which he imputes to the prevailing pride of drefs ! “Your tradesmen in the Exchange, the mercer, silk-weaver, tailor, perriwig-maker, and feather-maker, having superseded the butcher, cook, poulterer, fish-wife, and butler,” good cheer is grown out of fashion, and Christmas is only to be found by “red letters in Almanacks.” In the palmy days of the venerable Father, “the squire wore no other shirts but of the flax that grew on his own ground, and of his wife’s, daughters’, or servants’ spinning ; and his stockings, hose, and jerkin were of the wool sheared from his own sheep.” No wonder then that this primitive squire could maintain a score or two of farm servants, relieve twice that number of poor people at his gate, and when Christmas came, invite his friends to a plentiful dinner. Then fine clothes were only for “Kings and Courtiers ;” but now it would make “a horse break his crupper with laughing to see Joan Fiddle Faddle, whose portion amounts to two groats and two pence, decked up with ribbons and flowers as fine as a Bartholomew Baby !” Twenty or thirty proper serving men were epitomised to a butterfly-page and a trotting footman ; the cook was out of commission, and the lean hind’s lenten dinner was “two sprats and a half.” Cards and dice had much to do with all this. The geese that used to be fattened for honest neighbours have been sent to London for sale, and their quills cut into pens to convey away the landlord’s estate. His sheep, too,

had found a buyer, and their skins had been converted into parchment for deeds and indentures!

What says Cowper on this subject?

“We sacrifice to drefs, till household joys
And comforts cease. Drefs drains our cellars dry
And keeps our larders lean.”

The year 1678 was appointed for “The Trial of Old Father Christmas” by the worshipful Justice Love-peace, assisted by twelve jurymen, of whom Brother Starve-mouse was the foreman. Objection having been taken to the jury; the Justice (marking that this was not “*Joshua’s day*”) ordered a more impartial one to be impaneled. The charges against Christmas were—superstition, idolatry, overfeasting, and other high crimes and misdemeanors. Here Sir Charity, a gallant Knight, stepped forward and put the many good qualities of the calumniated Father in so fair a light that he was honourably acquitted; the Judge (on whose festidious physiognomy high jinks, and cakes and ale, were rosily rubricated) admonishing him with a roguish twinkle to be a “little” more circumspect for the future.

“And Christmas straight was courted far and
near,
To each good house to taste their plenteous
cheer.”

Clothed in rich furs, his eyes sparkling with gaiety, his lips smiling a hearty welcome, and every

hair of his bushy wig bristling with fun, Old Father Christmas is come again! May he come to the reader without his too frequent, sorrowful drawback—the vacant chair, mute monitor! recalling to many bereaved hearts reminiscences of happy days never to return! Upon such bruised, but not broken reeds, let the consoling Words of “THE MASTER” whose Divine Advent we are now about to celebrate, “Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,” drop like celestial dew. And here we take leave of Christmas, with Uncle Timothy’s paraphrase of this heavenly promise:—

“Blessed are they—*they* that mourn,
And the Crofs have meekly borne,
For the COMFORTER is nigh
To wipe the tears from every eye,
Tears from bleeding hearts distill’d
That shall soon with joy be fill’d,
Joy angelic in a sphere
Where never yet was dropp’d a tear.”



THE LOVING CUP, AND HORACE WALPOLE.



THE Loving Cup is one of the many popular and cordial customs that antiquity has bequeathed to us. The Romans inscribed it with the festive legend "*Ex Hoc Amici bibunt*," and realized that legend to the letter; and the health-drinking Saxons transmitted it, with all its traditionary honours, to the middle ages. On grand occasions it circulated freely at the Abbot's table in the refectory, as the "*Poculum charitatis*," covering a multitude of priestly peccadillos. At colleges it contributed to academical hilarity, under the title of the "*Grace Cup*;" but those kings of good feeding and good fellowship, the right jovial citizens of London, christened it the "*Loving Cup*," its proper and approved name, and at the gastronomical gatherings of their guilds inaugurated it with due solemnity. The Master, or Prime Warden, rising from his chair of state, and bowing, pledges the company, and wishes them good

cheer. He then passes the cup to his next neighbour, who performs the same courtesy to his, and so on, until open hearts and shining faces testify that all have imbibed a taste of the nectar. In the olden time the Loving Cup,* like the Apostle Spoon, was a household god in private families. Weddings, birthdays, and christenings, were the occasions on which it was given as a memorial. The cup in Uncle Timothy's cabinet is one of these beautiful relics of the past. Standing on its brim, it presents the face and figure of Queen Elizabeth, as a milk-

* Heywood, in his "Philocothonista" (London, 1635), says:—"Of drinking-cups divers and sundry sorts we have; some of elme, some of box, some of maple, some of holly, &c. Mazers, broad-mouth dishes, noggins, whiskins, piggins, crinzes, ale-bowles, wassell-bowles, court-dishes, tankards, kannes, from a pottle to a pint, from a pint to a gill. Other bottles we have of leather, but they were most used among the shepheards, and harvest-people of the countrey; small jacks we have in many alehouses of the citie and suburbs, tip't with silver, besides the great black jacks and bombards at the Court, which, when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported, at their returne into their countrey, that the Englishmen used to drinke out of their bootes; we have, besides, cups made of hornes of beasts, of cockernuts, of goords, of the eggs of ostriches, others made of the shells of divers fishes brought from the Indies and other places, and shining like mother-of-pearle. Come to plate, every taverne can afford you flat bowles, French bowles, prounet cups, beare-bowles, beakers; and private householders in the citie, when they make a feast to entertaine their friends, can furnish their cupboards with flagons, tankards, beare-cups, and wine-bowles, some white, some percell guilt, some guilt all over, some with covers, others without, of sundry shapes and qualities."

maid, holding a pail above her head. Upside down, it is a cup, the cavity to contain the liquor being her Majesty's richly embroidered hoop petticoat. It was not intended to be set down until drained of its contents, and though of more modest dimensions than the capacious Loving Cups, clerical and lay, of colleges and halls, it would afford a copious sip of sugared sack and sweet cordials to a wedding or a christening party. The Cup is of fine silver, elegantly designed, beautifully chased all round, and is in perfect condition.

And now for its former possessor, Horace Walpole, author, politician, and virtuoso. He commenced his literary career under false colours; declining to face openly the arrows of criticism; for the experiment had yet to be tried how the public would receive that startling novelty—an English romance founded on supernatural agency. The “Castle of Otranto,” though it puzzled professional critics, soon became popular. The “Mysterious Mother” was a still bolder experiment. The revolting story was a true one. Walpole states that one of the party consulted Archbishop Tillotson on the affair; but Bishop Hall mentions it in his Cases of Conscience, printed in 1650. Consummate art and elegant poetry overcame that great stumbling-block, the unnatural horrors of the scene, and won the day. The “Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors” is written in a truly aristocratical spirit. Nothing *médiocre* can by any

possibility proceed from a prince or a peer ! The “Anecdotes of Painting” display more of the smatterer who has picked up a variety of superficial ideas, and technical terms, than of the tasteful connoisseur, who has made that grand art his study, and who is enthusiastically alive to its beauties. It is to the charm of his letters that Walpole chiefly owes his fame as an author. For brilliant wit, lively anecdote, and an easy, elegant style, he may rank with the Marquise de Sevigné ; but of sublime and picturesque description, delicate satire, and generous sentiment, such as breathe through the letters of Gray, Cowper, and (occasionally) of Burns, he has little or none. The ante-chamber of the palace, the closet of the courtier, and the *penetralia* of some garrulous beauty, whose charity had gone the way of her charms, were the atmosphere in which he lived. He waits not to examine facts before he pronounces on them. He is unrivalled in telling an unctuous tale of scandal. He had a merciless memory for a back-stairs intrigue ; and a fashionable *faux pas* lost nothing in his telling. His inveterate love of caricature led him into exaggerated descriptions of persons and events, which, however entertaining, must be taken with liberal deductions. He flurs by an inuendo, and lampoons in a line. His fly humour and fluent fopperies are irresistible, and infect with their wanton wickedness. The gall-dipped reed of Aristophanes had not more gangrene in it than his grey goose-quill. He always writes for effect, and

never fails to produce it. His weapon is not the club of Caliban, but the knife that flayed St. Bartholomew. Sometimes he would dress it, as Harmodius dressed his dagger, in myrtle. Johnson's impatient fish-wife, who cursed the writhing eel for not lying still while she was skinning it alive, was, compared to him, a sister of mercy. He sat in his easy-chair (a monastic relic) in his toy-shop at Twickenham, mocking at patriotism and political honesty, neither of which quackeries he (like his father "*Robin*") believed in. Even of human virtues, those flowers of Paradise! we fear, he had his doubts. He was the patriarch of three reigns, and the Methuselah of his family; a state pensioner, passing his long life in luxurious bachelorship and lettered ease. He knew Pope his poetical neighbour; was intimate with Colley Cibber (whose life-like painted bust laughed in his face from a bracket at Strawberry Hill), and had "touched a card" with the termagant Kitty Clive. He affected to discountenance Garrick because he was too much of an actor *off* the stage; whereas the said Horace wore the cap and mask, aye, and often the bells, from manhood's first scene to its last. He had "*Chloe's*" one great fault—he wanted a "heart;" witness his early estrangement from Gray, and his unkind treatment of

"The wondrous Boy who perish'd in his pride."

He never loved much, nor was he ever much loved. He was too artificial to feel, or to inspire sympathy.

He had his followers and flatterers—blue-stockings, tea-drinking dowagers, and impecunious spinsters, sharp-sighted antiquaries, and oddity-hunters, who fipped his bohea out of Lilliputian china cups (washed by his own gouty hands, so dearly did he prize them !), admired his gimcracks, laughed at his anecdotes, and praised his poetry. He had been a disciple of Ochlocracy, a rabid Whig. He hung up in his study a copy of the Death Warrant of King Charles the First, which he *mis*-called “Magna Charta !” Yet when the Revolution broke out in France ; when the Goddess of Reason in the person of a crowned harlot was paraded through streets crimsoned with human blood, and “liberty” and “*à la lanterne*” became the order of the day, this rose-water republican, who despised the gabble of the illustrious rabble,* and, with instinctive vulgarity, regarded a thread-bare coat as a badge of degradation, dreading that the levelling contagion might infect England, and subject her peaceful citizens to the like explosions of ferocity, shut himself up in his crazy castle, and quaked at every bush as a throat-cutting *sans culotte* ! The apprehended hurricane happily blew over, but liberty lost caste with this newly-converted optimist for ever, and “Magna Charta,” torn from its place of honour, was igno-

* An Aristocrat in love with “Equality” would seem as unlikely as a tailor favouring *sans culotteism*, or a hatter patronizing the guillotine !

miniously consigned to some dark corner in the lumber room to tell to the spiders and rats its tale of regicide ! An adage for that mad age !

For many years Strawberry Hill was a public attraction. Such a rare collection of relics, literary, historical, artistic, and antiquarian, was perhaps never brought together by the recondite research, refined taste, and untiring industry of one man. He was learned in the classical languages ; in the exquisite Doric in which Pindar wrote. Italian was, however, his favourite study ; from Giusti the wit, to Dante the sublime ; and he was familiar with every dialect of the “ *dolce favella*,” from the squeak of Naples, to the growl of Milan. The elegance and urbanity of his manners, the faultless propriety of his dress (the curled Alcibiades was not a more accomplished *beau*), and his abstinence from the grosser vices, gave to his order—which in his early days much needed it—a tone of sobriety and refinement that it has never lost. For these, and many other distinguished merits, Horace Walpole deserves well of the world.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.



NE of my most agreeable New Year's Eves," said Uncle Timothy, who, like Socrates, knew the value of mirth and thought, with the learned Selden, that there never was a merry world "since the fairies left off dancing, and the parson left conjuring," was spent at Charles Lamb's Colebrooke Cottage, when Hood and Talfourd were of the party. A loquacious windbag (one of his "knock-eternal" visitors) Lamb sunk still deeper in absurdity; telling him that Junius Brutus wrote the Letters of Junius; that Pope's mother was Pope Joan; and that Hood's broken-winded Rosinante (a *hybrid*, not *high-bred* animal!) had died that day of a *horsefication* of the heart! Our talk however soon took a more rational turn to jousts, miracle plays, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the banquet of the boy-bishop, the minnefingers, and the glee-maidens; and then was *Elia* in full song.

New Year's Eve was celebrated by Uncle Timothy with a humorous sadness. "If," said he, "the

old year has used me well, why should I, ungratefully, ring it out with merry bells? If ill, where is my Christian charity for an expiring foe? Has it done its best to me; muffled drums, not triple bob-majors, should sound its requiem; its worst; in pity's name let it depart in peace. But may not the old year turn its tables upon me? May it not ask whether the opportunities of self-improvement that it afforded me have, or have not been thrown away? Whether I have not 'misused' it, as Falstaff did the 'King's Prefs?' 'Think of that, Master Brook!'

"I have no objection to the ringing in of the New Year. I would give the Stranger, as Hamlet gave the Ghost ('as a stranger') welcome. The New Year brings heavy responsibilities and onerous duties that may well temper rejoicing, and induce anxious thought. How many that, on its advent, are at dinner shall, at its close, be at supper, 'not where they eat, but, (with Polonius,) where they are eaten?'"

Manners and customs had much changed since the early days of Uncle Timothy. He lamented, with John Barker, the Elizabethan Ballad-monger, "how neybourhood, love, and trew dealyng is gone." "Of ingenuous youth," he would say, "discipline is no longer the monitor and guide. A royal road, by the fast train, to knowledge has been discovered. The ear is crammed, but the mind is left empty. Sounds, not sense; words,

not ideas; are the result of this teaching. What an advantage would it be to some masters if they would steal an hour or two in the day from their pupils to give their own shallow brains the benefit of the petty larceny! 'When was Rome built?' inquired a modern pedagogue of his precocious pupil. 'In the night, Sir! because as how grandmother said Rome warn't built in a day!' 'And pray, Solomon, who was Jesse?' 'The Flower of Dumblane!' snuffed Solomon. I should like to know how looked the queerest at this queerest of all replies! The learned Doctor Keate when a prodigy of scholarship construed '*Scipio Africanus*' an African walking stick, roared out, 'Sit down, Sir, you are too great a fool to be flogged!''

We had the pleasure of Uncle Timothy's company on the New Year's Eve of 186-. He felt assured that at the quiet home of a friend whose tastes and pursuits were identical with his own he might spend a few social and intellectual hours. With the younger branches of our household he was alternately grave and gay. Giving them such advice as best suited their respective conditions, and provoking their smiles with lively anecdote, apt similitudes, and quaint remarks, with which his marvellous memory was so richly stored.* While those whose brows were as furrowed and whose hairs were as white as his own, he addressed in the

* It is recorded of Cyrus that he could repeat the name of every soldier in his great army.

words of Pliny when speaking of the death of Fan-
nius, 'Let us, my friends, while we yet live, exert
all our endeavours, that death, whenever it shall
arrive, may find as little as possible to destroy.' "

He described a dinner party given many years ago
by the late Thomas Hurst, the eminent bookseller,
at his Highgate mansion, at which he was present.
"There," said he, "was Scott ('*Watty!*' as the
Ettrick Shepherd, when skin-full of whisky toddy,
was wont familiarly to call him), tall and stalwart,
frank and hilarious; discoursing fluently upon border
feuds and forays, wizards and belted knights; and
transporting us to the roaring cataract, the blasted
heath, the mountain glen, the deep moan of the
fullen wave, and all the wonderful alchemy of the
universe. There was Campbell, nervous and irrit-
able, with his sharp Scotch accent, and voice—not
like one of Dante's ghosts 'hoarse with long silence,'
but ringing and shrill, pressing upon the company
his conversation which was hardly worthy of his
fine poetical genius. There was Rogers, cautious,
and cold as an icicle, watching his opportunity,
and with a smile worthy of Mephistopheles edging
in a sarcasm duly prepared for the occasion, and
illustrating the aphorism, 'Life is a comedy to those
who think, and a tragedy to those who feel.' There,
too, was Moore, the *Puck* of the party! joyous and
sparkling, launching his lampoons, personal and
poetical, and giving full scope to his Anacreontic
and Bacchanalian propensities. Crabbe (honest

Parson Adams!), with fatherly face, primitive manners and suit of fables of an ultra-clerical cut, though at first retiring and taciturn, would gradually warm into wisdom and wit; Wordsworth (Holofernes and Sir Oracle!), with a vein of pure gold (a thin one!) running through his discourse, made its chief subject the eternal '*Ego*' and his writings; Coleridge, dictatorial and dreamy, an indifferent debater, but in a set speech, 'the old man eloquent,' scattered about his opinions and criticisms, which, though acute and fanciful, smelt too much of the opium bottle and the lecture room; while Southey, with his various learning, urbane humour, and beautiful literature cast sunshine upon all around him. John Kemble—the beau ideal of an accomplished gentleman, and whom I never saw and conversed with without being reminded of Don Quixote and Sir Roger de Coverley, and Miss Baillie (Sir Walter Scott's '*Sister Joanna*!'), a choice specimen of a well-bred literary lady of the old school, were also present. The dandies of the party were the two *Toms*, Campbell and Moore. Campbell's pea-green dove-tailed dress-coat with embossed brass buttons, and velvet collar preposterously high, was (like the Irishman's blanket) too short at the bottom and too long at the top—and Moore's (coffee-coloured, with bright steel buttons, and ample skirts out of all proportion for a Druid so diminutive, covering, as Scott flyly whispered, 'too much of the *Calf*!') the very reverse. Kemble recited

some fine passages from 'The Pleasures of Hope,' 'Marmion,' and 'De Montfort;' and Moore, whose voice was melodious and plaintive, sang with exquisite pathos and delicacy some of his beautiful songs, accompanying himself on the pianoforte. I remember a commercial joke that Rogers perpetrated. One of the party speaking of some disreputable act of a certain bibliopolist, added, 'it was when he was unfortunate,' (viz. bankrupt.) 'You mean,' said Rogers, 'when his *creditors* were!' The two hardest heads of the company rested on the broad shoulders of the Northern Wizard and the Tragedian; and the quantity of 'Clay-ret,' as Scott accentuated it, that they imbibed was 'Pro-di-gi-ous!'

"Alas! for the inconstancy of fortune! Our liberal host, in the evening of his days, took refuge in the Charter House. In that time-honoured alms-house of noble poverty I often visited him. There I met Major the bookseller (also a 'poor Brother;') Haslewood (a rough diamond!) the editor of 'Drunken Barnaby,' &c. &c.; Dr. Philip Blifs, of Oxford; and dear William Pickering the learned publisher of the Aldine Edition of the Poets, a man whom to know was to respect, and whom to lose was to mourn—all, like Hurst, devoted lovers of the 'Angle.' Hurst bore his sad reverse of fortune with resignation; forgiving all, and hoping to be forgiven.

"It was an ancient custom," continued Uncle

Timothy, who now rose to take his leave, “for relations and friends to exchange New Year’s Gifts. Beggar that I am, even in thanks! what gift have I to offer? Only *this* (putting into my hand a paper). Lay it to thy heart, and farewell!” And Uncle Timothy’s New Year’s Gift was—

THE NEW YEAR.

“By the God of Mercy’s pleasure
I am still a Pilgrim here
(Loving-kindness without measure!)
To behold the new-born year.

With the balmy breath of morning
Comes a voice that seems to say,
Heaven vouchsafes another warning,
See thou cast it not away.

Happy thou that dost not slumber
(They had too their warnings here)
With the unconverted number
Gone with the departed year!

O! if ever sin enthrall’d thee,
Let it not enthrall again;
O! if ever wisdom call’d thee,
Let her no more call in vain.

Keep thy passions in subjection,
Banish every thought impure,
Yield thyself to God’s direction,
Hold thy faith unshaken, sure.

Should He in the furnace try thee,
Pray for patience, strength to bear ;
Knowing He is ever nigh thee,
Prompt to hear and answer pray'r.

Are the lines in pleasant places ?
Has His bounty hope outran ?
Let shine forth thy Christian graces
In benevolence to man.

Ever to that holy mountain
Where thy Prophet, Priest, and King
Freely open'd mercy's fountain
Let thy faith her offering bring.

She can bring no other token
That thou would'st the past retrieve,
But a contrite heart, and broken,
Which thy Saviour will receive.

For the promise of salvation,
For compassion so divine,
Let thy soul, in adoration,
All the world for Him resign."

The bells, with merry peals, rang out the old year.
The clock struck twelve. Again they chimed furiously ; and, ringing in the new year, went music-mad for joy ! Yet discordant was their sound, with the subdued tones of Uncle Timothy still vibrating in our ears.



THE PRESUMED DISINTERMENT OF MILTON.



EW, perhaps, of the present generation are aware that on Wednesday, the 4th of August, 1790, a coffin, presumed to be Milton's, was disinterred in the parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate; a "Narrative" of which, written by Mr. Philip Neve, of Furnival's Inn, was published by T. and J. Egerton, Whitehall, on the 14th of the same month. A second edition appeared on the 8th of September following.

A copy of the latter (which is only the first, "new vamped, &c., with the addition of a postscript,") from the libraries of Bindley and Heber, is in my possession. It has the autograph of George Steevens on the title-page, and is interleaved throughout, in order to introduce a variety of minute and curious notes in his handwriting, pointing out the imposture. These notes, which have never been printed, are, for the rare importance of the subject, literary relics well worth preserving.

The "Narrative" states that, it being in contemplation of some persons to bestow a considerable sum of money in erecting a monument in the parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, to the memory of Milton ("*Credat Judæus Apella*," says Steevens, "parish meetings have other objects in view, other topics of conversation. Many stories concerning this monument have been circulated, but most of them have proved without foundation. Such a memorial, however, is begun by Bacon, the statuary, and, as it is supposed, by order of Mr. Whitbread, the opulent brewer,") certain of the parishioners determined that his coffin should be dug for, that the exact spot of his grave might be ascertained before the said monument was erected. The entry, among the burials, in the register-book, 12th of November, 1674, is, "John Milton, Gentleman, consumpcon, chancell." (Steevens says, "Melton—but altered, in fresher ink than that with which the register was written.") The tradition had always been that Milton was buried in the old chancel, under the former clerk's desk; ("It was never heard of," replies Steevens, "till stated on the present occasion;") and William Ascough, parish clerk, of Cripplegate, whose father and grandfather had filled the same offices for ninety years past, and John Poole, watchspring maker, of Jacob's-passage (a feer of seventy), who had often heard his father talk of Milton's person, as described by the venerable and veritable authorities that had actually seen him, confirmed the

statement. It was therefore thought a good opportunity (the church being under repair) to make the proposed search. Accordingly, Mr. John Cole, of Barbican, silversmith, churchwarden; and Mr. Thomas Strong, solicitor, and vestry-clerk, ordered their workmen to dig from the present chancel, northwards, towards the pillar against which the former pulpit and desk had stood, and over which the Common Councilmen's pew now stands. The result was, that on Tuesday afternoon, August 3rd, a coffin was discovered, and Messieurs Strong and Cole, by the light of a candle, descended into the vault, where it lay directly over a wooden coffin, supposed to be that of Milton's father; tradition having reported that Milton was buried next (Steevens says "near") to his father. "When I inquired," says Steevens (who was present at the second disinterment), "about this circumstance, it appeared to want confirmation. The people present at the first said that the coffin was deposited in a strong cement. This particular is denied by Mr. Strong; nor could I perceive any traces of a substance resembling cement among the rubbish thrown out on the 17th of August." The "Narrative" states that in digging through the whole space, from the present chancel, where the ground was opened, to the situation of the former clerk's desk, there was not found any other coffin which could raise a doubt of this being Milton's. To this Steevens replies, "The remains of several others were found there. I saw the

handles, &c. of them, as well as two skulls, many bones, &c. Some others had been removed to the bone-house." Messieurs Strong and Cole then ordered water and a brush, and began scrubbing the coffin in search of an inscription, but none was found. The coffin is described as being much corroded, five feet ten inches long, and at the broadest part, over the shoulders, one foot four inches wide. "It was not much corroded," says Steevens, "though there was one aperture in it, probably occasioned by the stroke of a spade. When the brick piers, on which the present pews are supported, were built, many of the dead must have been disturbed. But this last circumstance was wholly suppressed by the parishioners, or perhaps was unknown to them. Bold assertion, not curious investigation, distinguishes the antiquaries of St. Giles, Cripplegate!" Messieurs Cole and Strong once thought that by removing the leaden coffin some plate or inscription might probably be found on the wooden one underneath; but they forebore to disturb it; and, having satisfied their curiosity and ascertained the fact—"How was it satisfied?" asks Steevens. "They did not, however, easily miss what they desired to find!"—they ordered the ground to be finally closed.

A merry-meeting ("Merry-meetings," says Steevens, "are believed to be so conducive to archæological knowledge, that even the Society of Antiquaries have, once a year, a merry-meeting of their own!") took place on the evening of that day at

the house of Fountain, a publican, in Beech-street, Barbican ; at which, among others, were present Churchwarden Cole ; Laming, a pawnbroker ; Taylor, a country surgeon, a friend of Laming ; and one Holmes, journeyman to Ascough, the parish clerk and coffin-maker. The discourse having turned upon Milton's coffin, several of the company expressed a desire to see it. Under the influence of pipes, persuasion, and purl, the virtue of the churchwarden gave way, and he promised that if the ground was not already closed their curiosity should be satisfied. Accordingly, between eight and nine o'clock on the following morning, Laming and Fountain (the two overseers), and Taylor went to the house of Ascough, which leads into the churchyard ("They avoided," says Steevens, "telling Ascough the object of their visit,") and asked for Holmes. The gaunt demi-giant appeared, led them into the church, and, assisted by his myrmidons, pulled the coffin, which lay deep in the ground, ("about four feet," says Steevens, "when I saw it,") to the edge of the excavation. The overseers asked Holmes if he could open it. Holmes, with his mallet and chisel, cut open the top of the coffin slantwise from the head, as low as the breast, so that the top being doubled backward they could see the corpse. He then ripped it up at the foot. The body appeared in a perfect state, and was enveloped in a shroud of many folds, the ribs standing up regularly. When they disturbed the shroud the

ribs fell. Here Steevens remarks, "Rather the winding-sheet. Had not this involucrum been torn to pieces by Laming, Fountain, &c. some mark at a corner of it might have exhibited the initial letters of the Christian and surname of the deceased, or some of their family. People were formerly buried in a sheet belonging to their bed, and consequently marked at one of its angles with thread or silk." The publican pulled hard at the teeth, which were "remarkably short below the gum, and very sound and white." They resisted until some one hit them with a stone, when they fell out! There were but five in the upper jaw. These were purloined by the publican, who presented one to the pawnbroker. The latter took one from the lower jaw, and the surgeon took two. The pawnbroker had once thought of bringing away the whole under jaw, teeth, and all! but tossed it back again. Somebody, however, must have had a fancy for it; for Steevens says, "the whole under-jaw was taken away." He then raised the head, and down fell a quantity of hair, which lay straight and even behind the head. It was wet; some of the water with which the coffin had been washed the day before having run into it. Steevens here asks, "Why did they bring away only such hair as accorded with the description of Milton's? Of the lighter kind there was scarce any; of the dark a very considerable quantity. But this circumstance would have been concealed, had not a second examination of the

coffin taken place." The pawnbroker "poked his stick against the head," and brought some of the hair over the forehead, which the surgeon carried away. He then took out one of the leg bones, but (as he had served the under-jaw) threw it back again. "The water," says the "Narrative," "had made a sludge at the bottom of the coffin, which emitted a nauseous smell." "Had this," remarks Steevens, "been the coffin of a person buried 116 years in such a dry place, there could have been no smell at all. But query if there really was any? The contents of the coffin had been absolutely deluged." The pawnbroker and the leech having pocketed their sacrilegious plunder, left the church, and the coffin, according to the "Narrative," "was restored to its original station." "How is this ascertained?" asks Steevens. "Not expecting the coffin would be a second time removed, they put it into an opening they had made, without any exact regard to its original situation." But the desecration of the corpse was not yet complete. Elizabeth Grant, the grave-digger, kept a tinder-box in the excavation, and when any visitors came, she struck a light, and exhibited it, first for sixpence, afterwards for threepence, and then for twopence, each person! The workmen also demanded a pot of porter for showing to all comers the presumed hallowed remains of the author of "Paradise Lost!"

The parish officers, according to Steevens, dismissed this offering "from any future services." The

only punishment that they received was universal execration and contempt.

The author of the "Narrative" states that on Monday the 9th of August he went to Laming's house to request a lock of the hair, when Taylor gave him a portion of what he had reserved for himself. Hearing that one Ellis, a performer at the Royalty Theatre, who had given Elizabeth Grant sixpence for seeing the body, had procured some of the hair, a rib-bone, a fragment of the shroud, and a piece of the skin of the skull (which adhered to the hair) of about the size of a shilling, he paid him a visit of inspection at No. 9, Lamb's-chapel. The rib-bone appeared to be one of the upper ribs; the piece of shroud was of coarse linen, and the hair (that portion which he had washed) was of a light colour, though taken from under the skull. To this Steevens replies, "The shroud is again confounded with the winding-sheet. A small piece of the shroud I saw. It was crimped at the edge, like such as are at present in use. This supposed bit of skin is only a bit of paper which had dropped into the coffin while it was open. The wire-marks are visible. All the hair under the skull was very dark. Such as was exhibited, &c. by Mr. Laming was of a light colour." The player had tried to reach down as low as the hands of the corpse, but without success. ("The right arm and hand had been taken away before the 17th of August," says Steevens). Being "a very ingenious worker in

hair," and anticipating a merry market for Milton's, he lost no time in returning to the church for a fresh supply, but was refused admittance. "By this time," says Steevens, "the overseers, &c. began to reflect a little seriously on their own conduct; for one of them asked Mr. Neve, with seeming apprehension, if any descendants of Milton were alive?" The author of the "Narrative" was profuse in his purchases; for, in addition to his former acquisitions, he gave Hawkesworth (another of Ascoug's men) two shillings for a tooth and a bit of the leaden coffin; and the same sum to one Haslib, a Jewin-street undertaker, for one of the small bones. All the teeth were now gone, though the overseers would have made the public believe that some of them must have fallen among the bones, as they very readily came out after the first were drawn. "Not a word of truth in this supposition," says Steevens. "Do we usually call the knocking out teeth with a stone, drawing them? These overseers were but rough dentists."

The author of the "Narrative" lays particular stress on the parish traditions—the age of the coffin, none other being discovered in the ground which can at all contest with it, or render it suspicious—"the remains," says Steevens, "of several wooden coffins were found near it, and one leaden one.") Poole's tradition is that Milton was thin, with long hair, and the entry in the register-book is that he died of a consumption. "He died," remarks Stee-

vens, "consumed by the co-operation of age and gout. The entry was probably made by the undertaker, who knew nothing more than that he was dead." Immediately over the common councilmen's pew is an ancient monument to the family of Smith, under which four of them are buried. The author of the "Narrative" supposes it to have been put there, because the flat pillar, after the pulpit was removed, offered a convenient situation for it, and "near this place" to be open (as it is in almost every case where it appears) to a very liberal interpretation. "We are certain," says Steevens, "that the monument was there before the pulpit was removed in the repair of the church in 1682. They projected different ways from the top of the same pillar, without the slightest interference with each other." If, argues the narrator, the coffin in question belong to a Smith, all the coffins of that family should appear, but not one of them is found. "Some of these coffins," replies Steevens, "had been wooden ones, nor was half the circuit round the pillar on which the monument stands examined. Upon a further search the remains of many of them were found. Had our great poet been interred near the sepulchre of the Smiths, Richard Smith (who is so circumstantial in his account of family burials) would not have failed to record so particular an event. The proximity of his dead relatives to the corpse of Milton was a circumstance on which an antiquary of congenial politics would have expatiated."

Holmes affirms that a leaden coffin, when the inner wooden case is perished, must, from pressure and its own weight, shrink in breadth. But Steevens declares "that the sides and ends of the wooden coffin were still in their places, though the top had been forced in. No contraction of the lead, therefore, could have happened. This Holmes," he continues, "though no reputed conjurer, is a very convenient evidence. He is ignorant of nothing which others wish to know. But all this was urged to apologise for the seeming narrowness of the coffin and the corpse over the shoulders. Will any one believe that the breadth of Milton's body, in its broadest part, was only 13 or 14 inches?" "There is evidence," says the "Narrative," "that the coffin was incurvated both on the top and at the sides at the time it was discovered." "It was not incurvated on the sides when I saw it on the 17th of August," replies Steevens, "or very little indeed."

The "Narrative" refers to Faithorne's beautiful print of Milton, taken *ad vivum* in 1670. "Observe," it says, "the short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face. The hair which Mr. Taylor took was from the forehead, and all taken at one grasp. One lock measured six inches and a half, and another only two inches and a half." "All the hair," remarks Steevens, "except such as had grown after the corpse was buried, was of the deepest brown—the very reverse of Milton's." And

as to the length, he adds, "Much of Milton's hair must have been sixteen and twenty inches long. See his portrait, drawn but a few years before his death, and re-engraved by Vertue in his set of Poets. Wood says Milton had light brown hair. How does this accord with the colour of that which was found in the coffin?" "In the age of Charles II," says the "Narrative," "how few, besides Milton, wore their own hair." "Many thousands," replies Steevens, "who could not afford wigs. Nor were they then universally worn by such as could afford them. Dryden, Quarles, Withers, &c. wore their own hair."

In order to account for no inscription-plate being found on the coffin, Holmes deposes to this extraordinary fact, that at the time Milton was buried, inscription-plates were not in use; that the practice then was to paint the inscription on the outside of the wooden coffin, which in this case was entirely perished. "No such custom ever prevailed," says Steevens, "not even in the case of the poor who are buried by the parish, and consequently in a single coffin. There never has been any outward coffin, except the leaden one. Three coffins were not then in use."

"Of the teeth," says Steevens, "more than one hundred are said to have been sold. For a week after the corpse was discovered, they rattled in the pocket of many a staunch antiquary. I have not the smallest doubt but all the bones, &c. that were

missing when I saw the contents of the coffin, had been converted into merchandise, and will at some future period be refold as the genuine spoils of Milton." And of the hair he adds, "The quantity taken by Laming and Ellis, by all accounts, amounted to about as much as would have scantily filled a couple of lockets, or half a dozen rings."

A report having gone abroad (originating, it is suspected, with the parish officers, who were desirous of hushing up their disgraceful doings) that the corpse, after all, was that of a woman, a second examination, under the direction of Mr. Strong, took place on Tuesday, the 17th of August, and a neighbouring surgeon (Mr. Dyson, of Fore-street) was called in to give his opinion. The corpse was found shamefully mutilated. "All the ribs, I think," says Steevens, "and the right hand, as well as the lower jaw, were gone; the only lock of light hair that remained on the forehead was not thicker than a pack-thread (it is in my possession), and the hair on the back of the head was of dark brown, nearly approaching to black, as was proved by Mr. Reed, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Cole, Mrs. Hoppey (Sexton), and half a dozen other people who were on the spot, and who received a part of it. It was, however, a very mortifying acquisition to those who had received the lighter hair for that of Milton." Mr. Dyson, "being cross-examined," says Steevens, "refused to pronounce absolutely on the sex of the deceased; he allowed that there was no specific

difference between a male and a female skull, except occasionally, in respect to size and density, and that the condition of the pelvis was such as would not authorize any decisive opinion. He thought, in short, it was the corpse of a man; but admitted it might be that of a woman. In reference to the shape of the head, his words were: 'Take notice, Sir, that what there is of forehead, is prominent.' He was willing to have taken away the skull, but was dissuaded from it. He carried off two of the finger-bones. His opinions on the 17th of August were delivered with great modesty, diffidence, and candour."

"A man also," says the "Narrative," "who has for many years acted as grave-digger in that parish ("quite a young man, a consummate blackguard, and only an occasional assistant," replies Steevens), who was present on the 17th, decided that the skull was that of a male; and with as little hesitation he pronounced another which had been thrown up to be that of a woman." "No such opinion," rejoins Steevens, "was delivered by him. If it had, I must have heard it. No woman's skull was pointed out as such by any person present. Two others had been thrown out: each of them almost twice as large as that of the pretended Milton. They were repeatedly compared with it."

"I am perfectly convinced," says Steevens, "that these worthies, among themselves, still suppose the corpse they disturbed to be that of the author of

‘Paradise Lost.’ ‘Ah, Sir’ (said Mr. Cole to me, with a sigh), ‘though you came last, you are possessed of the best lock of the light hair.’ And this happened after they had affected to disbelieve it was the hair of Milton. And after the black hair had discomposed his original hypothesis, he very gravely assured me that a skilful hair-merchant had told him these locks were not the produce of the human head, but were absolute mohair. On my replying that true mohair was white, he had no more to say, than that Milton, ‘being an odd man, might have ordered his funeral pillow to be stuffed with some sort of hair or other.’”

After this second examination had taken place, the coffin was carefully folded up, and restored to its former grave.

It is a consolation to have the authority of Steevens, who seems to have gone into the question *con amore*, that this mutilated corpse was *not* Milton’s. “The hair, the teeth, the bones, &c.,” he says, “afford a sufficient presumption that this was not the skeleton of a man. The corpse was never supposed to be that of Elizabeth Smith, but of one of her daughters who was buried in the same spot. For some account of the Smith family, see Peck’s ‘*Desiderata Curiosa*,’ Stowe, &c. I avow that the statement of Mr. Dyson’s evidence, in the ‘Narrative,’ is partial in the extreme. Mr. Neve was repeatedly informed of the result of his cross-examination, and yet has forborne the slightest mention of it. His pamphlet is wholly founded on

hearsay evidence. He was not witness to any one of the facts which he has related."

It seems that the Narrator had some compunctious visitings; for he says, "I have procured those relics which I possess only in the hope of bearing part in a pious and an honourable restitution of all that has been taken." "This," replies Steevens, "was an afterthought. In Mr. Neve's first draught of the pamphlet he has made himself *particeps criminis*. Mr. Malone suggested this very necessary supplement." It has not transpired whether this "pious and honourable restitution" was ever carried into effect.

Let us hope that the remains of Milton still sleep in their sepulchre, unprofaned by morbid curiosity and brutal violence. It is shocking to see even the common dead rudely torn from their last resting-places; but that a corpse so supremely precious, so intensely sacred as Milton's, should suffer indignity, would be a national reproach and a disgrace—an insult offered to that high intelligence which transfigures human nature, and makes man "in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" Shakespeare has pronounced an awful, an undying curse upon the violator of his tomb, and invoked a blessing upon him who spares it. This may have alarmed the superstitious fears, and arrested the sacrilegious hands of many parish officials, who, as Bacon said of corporations, have "no souls." *Transact in exemplum.*



MOORFIELDS IN THE OLDEN TIME.



THOUGH not quite a Methuselah, (said Uncle Timothy, when lamenting the rapid destruction of every vestige of ancient London,) I remember some of its pleasant suburban spots that improvement, a reckless annihilator! has disfigured, or swept away; covering greensward and flower-garden with architectural monstrosities, from the parcel-palatial, down to the penitential, the mercantile, the middling, and the mean! The inhabitants of Old London had only to pass outside of the grim-looking gates of their walled city, and the open country—fields and woodlands, winding rivers and steeped plains, green meadows and opening glades, spread far and wide before them; the lark, (the poor man's chorister!) making merry music. They pursued their healthful sports—archery and foot-ball—shot snipes and woodcocks, and angled in the clear and sunny Lea within a few furlongs of their own doors. Pleasant hostelryes, planted at convenient distances, invited them in sum-

mer time to a cool tankard of “jolly good ale and old;” to puff their pipes beneath curiously-carved rustic porches of grotesque fashion; or in shady arbours of trellis-work entwined with roses and honey-suckles. Chalybeate springs, and wells of crystal water named after some tutelar saint, abounded; and the red brick, rubricated mansions of London’s merchant princes, at the gates of which lions rampant and eagles with outstretched wings stood sentry in stone, lifted aloft their high, broad gables; substantial and speaking emblems of old English hospitality! In the very heart of the city were houses with gardens—witness many a spectre—like tall elm still shooting forth, as in mockery, a few sickly leaves from its withering branches; with here and there an unfruitful fig-tree clinging to its primitive, smoke-blackened wall for old acquaintance sake! Milton lived in a garden-house in Bunhill Fields, and though to his sightless orbs—

(“Total eclipse! no sun, no moon;
All dark amid the blaze of noon!”)

its beauties were invisible, he could still enjoy the healthful exercise it afforded him and breathe its fragrance. Strange reminiscences of these bygone “plaissances” are to be met with in *Baldwin’s Gardens*, *Bowling-Green Lane*, *Mount Pleasant*, *Love’s Grove*, *Vineyard Walk*, and *Green Arbour Court*; squalid scenes of *al fresco* depravity, but still bearing those inappropriate names. Now and then we may

stumble upon some murky night cellar from the foul depths of which once rose a medicinal spring dedicated to those celebrities of the healing art, St. Chad, St. Agnes, and St. Clair ! Many a pestilential purlieu and population (Holywell Street in the Strand, and certain rookeries in Hoxton) cover conduits of pure water raised by the piety of some worthy citizen when water was a luxury to the poor. What has become of "The New Conduit in Holborne" founded by the "Right worshipful Maister William Lambe, Esq., who deceased the one and twentieth of April, and lies entombed in S. Faith's Church under Powles the sixt of May, Anno 1580," and to whose memory Abraham Fleming a ballad-monger of the day "devised" an epitaph ? There were promenades for the people within a stone's throw of London's Roman Wall, where the aristocracy of Cornhill and Cheap took the air with the commonalty. The full-blown City Madam in her huge velvet custard or three-cornered bonnet, her flaunting fine feathers and rich rustling brocade trod the greensward with the economically dressed wife of the poorest artisan.

Of these public walks, Moorfields, Pimlico-path, and the Exchange were, in the days of Queen Elizabeth and James I. the most frequented and fashionable. According to tradition, two ladies of Finsbury gave Moorfields to the city for "the maidens to dry their clothes." The elder of the two built a "holy cross at Bedlam Gate adjoining to Moorfield," and the younger "framed a pleasant well where wives and

maidens come daily to wash." Its "melancholy Moor-ditch" was an object of notoriety in Shakespeare's time. Like Lincoln's Inn Fields and Leicester Fields (of which the "Mohocks" long held possession, to the terror of the peaceable subjects of Queen Anne, and George I), Moorfields, two centuries ago, was dangerous to pass through after night-fall. Cut-purses and foot-pads, bilboes, swash-bucklers, and "brothers of the blade," who by "bullet or gullet, lance or paunch, sword or surfeit, or by some such disaster of the halter" paid the penalty of their offences, plied their profession in its quarters. It was the nocturnal rendezvous of disbandered disorderlies from the Low Countries and elsewhere. "Hot-Spurs of the Times," who indulged in Bobadil's brag and Pistol's bombast, from the bowling alleys and gaming houses, that "lived all day upon rooke on Bankside, and that played at nine-pins or pigeon-holes in Lincoln's Inn Fields." There would the "highway lawyer, or padman" lay in wait for the rich country gull, (the "calf or cockaloach, the essential clowne and simplicity in abstract!") who came up to London to "learne to take tobacco, and see new notions and puppet-plays in Bartholomew Fayre." Him would this rogue entice to the "Mouth Taverne," hard by, make drunk over a quart of canary, and having picked his pocket, leave to pay the reckoning with his empty purse!

Booths and scaffolds with flags flying aloft, invited sight-seers to dramatic drolls and tricks of

legerdmain. Grinning matches upon a stage near the Windmill Tavern opposite Old Bedlam (where candidates for St. Gregorys Plumb-Tree, *alias* the triple one! shook hands and renewed old acquaintance) brought together, in auricular emulation, the muckle-mouths of the metropolis to a friendly trial of skill. The field-preacher (I refer not to those faithful servants of God, John Wesley and George Whitfield who preached in Moorfields) extemporised from his tub, while the Merry Andrew performed his buffooneries, and the Clerk of St. Nicholas, within whose reach King Arthur would have hesitated to hang his golden bracelets, made purses exchange pockets. "Old Harry," with his tinkling bell tempted the city prentices to take a peep into his "gallant raree-show," "Poor Will Ellis," sitting upon the railings, told, in woeful doggrel, how "Bedlam became his sad lot for the love of dear Betty," and the "Auctioneer of Moorfields," a Quaker-looking caricature, with a lank visage and a spectacled long nose, sold the curious library of the "late famous Unborn Doctor" in the centre of a motley mob of organ-grinders, fiddlers, ballad-singers, quacks (with their anti-bilious globules and boluses for all nations!), tumblers, dancing-dogs, posture-masters, puritans, and learned pigs.

Moorfields had its "cunning man." Trotter, the noted wizard and astrologer, lived next door to the "Flying Horse," where he told fortunes, interpreted dreams, cast nativities, and discovered stolen

goods. Titus Trophonius, in a letter to the "Spectator" (No. 505), speaks of his having lodged in Moorfields in a house that for these fifty years has always been tenanted by a conjurer. Sir William Davenant tells how the lean attorney and the aged proctor met in Finsbury fields (Moorfields),

"With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,"

like the "ghosts of Adam Bell, and Chymme," and quaint portraitures of quacks standing in Moorfields by Old Bedlam are given in the "Rake's Progress," by Hogarth.

It was at the Tabernacle in Moorfields that the canny Scot, Sir Pertinax Macfycophant, won the starched maiden ("heavy with the filler"), as old as Methuselah and as ugly as Megæra; and that Mr. Mawworm received his "call," and wanted to go a "preaching!"

Moorfields had its printing-press. John Lever, at Little Moorgate, issued "The Exploits of Robinson Crusoe, with proper cuts;" "Laugh and be Fat," "Joe Miller's Jests," &c., which rare specimens are only to be found in the libraries of the curious.

The broker of Moorfields was a remarkable character. An eternal walker and talker frisking to and fro before his shop front; vociferating "*What'll you buy?*" ensconcing his victim, with gentle violence, into a labyrinth of chairs and tables, and

there imprifoning him until he had made him a purchafer !

The two fine figures, Raving and Melancholy Madnefs, by Gabriel Cibber, which flood over the gate of Old Bedlam, were conspicuous objects of admiration in Moorfields. Gay alludes to Old Bedlam in the following lines :—

“ Through famed Moorfields extends a fpacious
feet,

Where mortals of exalted wit retreat,

Where, wrapp'd in contemplation, and in ftraw,

The wifer few from the mad world withdraw.”

To the fhame of humanity Old Bedlam was once a public fhew ! In that dark dungeon of ruined intellect we beheld madnefs in all its moods—mifchievous, idiotical, grotesque, raving with the eternal fire that burned within, melancholy, and laughing wild ! In after years, when it was untenanted and about to be pulled down, I paid it a farewell vifit, and faw frightful phantafies pictured on the blackened walls of its cells with that myfterious and marvellous power and effect peculiar to infanity ! On the eastern fide of Bedlam ran the wall of Roman London, and fhooting forth from the chinks and crannies of its crumbling ruins were clufters of beautiful blood-red wall-flowers that, time out of mind, had bid defiance to fmoke, foot, and foul air.

Moorfields, with its green turf, gravelled walks and ftately trees, though fadly fhorn of its former

attractions, continued for several years after the beginning of the present century to be a favourite promenade with the humbler class of citizens after the toil and bustle of the day. But that fell foe to fertility and fragrance, the builder, drove them back to their dark and dismal domiciles—to the rank, dank, consumptive vegetation that a few garden-pots exhibited at their windows, to as much fresh air as could penetrate their broken panes, to as much pure water as could purl from the parish pump, and to as much blue sky as might cover half-a-crown.





DREAMS.

UNCLE Timothy was no blind believer or disbeliever in dreams. Strange intimations he had himself received through their mysterious channel. He could not therefore dismiss them as the—

“Children of an idle brain
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.”

Prospero says finely :—

“We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

And the meditative and melancholy Hamlet, resolving death into a sleep, exclaims with solemn emphasis, not unmixed with dread—

“Perchance to dream.”

Queen Mab, the sovereign of dreams, “drawn by a team of little atomies athwart men’s noses as they lie asleep,” gallops through the brains of the lover, o’er the knees of the courtier, the fingers of the lawyer, the lips of the ladies, the neck of the soldier,

and the tythe pig's tail-tickled nose of the parson, playing strange pranks! The abbot (rotund and rosy) dreams of (a *monastic*!) heaven—capons, claret, and clouted cream! In bygone days charms were laid under the pillow to induce pleasant dreams. Dreams are generally more retrospective than prophetic; dealing with the past, rather than with the future. The long-forgotten events of early years will, in a dream, reappear in all their primeval freshness; and features and forms, voices and tongues, that we should find it impossible to recall to memory in our waking moments, revisit us in their perfect identity in a dream. In Scripture we find a warrant for dreams. “For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a *dream*, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed.” * The following, Uncle Timothy assured me, is what it really pretends to be (the incident of the “*Bird*” is a fact), viz.—

A MIDSUMMER MORNING'S DREAM.

Contented, grateful, and resign'd,
 As o'er the past my memory ran,
 Upon my pillow I reclined,
 At peace, I hoped, with God and man,
 When with the morning's earliest beam
 Came o'er me a celestial Dream.

* Job xxxiii. 14, 15.

Methought the icy hand of death
Unbarr'd my earthly prison door,
And far from sin's defiling breath,
My free and happy soul did soar
To realize her promised rest
Among the spirits of the blest.

That tuneful harps of many strings,
And voices jubilant aloud
Gave Glory to the King of Kings,
And saints and white-robed seraphs bow'd
In adoration at the feet
Of Him who fill'd the Mercy-seat.

That those whom earth had never prized,
The contrite-hearted, the cast down,
The poor, the humble, the despised,
And they who wore the martyr's crown,
The royal courts of Zion trod,
And stood at the right hand of God.

That in the highest Heaven of Heaven
Salvation's symbol shone unveil'd ;
That myriads then of souls forgiven
Its brightness with hosannas hail'd !
And, at the brazen trumpet's blast,
Their golden crowns before it cast !

That so entrancing, so intense
The glories of this vision grew,
I seem'd to lose both sight and sense,
'Twas then it faded from my view ;

The voice of melody was still,
And darkness fell on Zion's hill,
And silent were the harp and lute,
When, in the mist, methought I heard,
Sweeter than the sweetest flute,
An unseen, solitary bird
Piping a note that seem'd to say,
"Ah! let me to the woods away.

"The robin red-breast, and the thrush,
The blackbird, linnet, and the lark,
From every bloomy brake and bush
Invite me home again, and hark!
I hear a sweeter voice than all,
My lonely mate's endearing call."

And now, alas! dissolved the dream
That had to heaven my spirit borne,
And I beheld Aurora's beam
Refulgent, lighting up the morn;
And saw in all its plummy pride
My ferenader by my side!

What brought thee, tuneful stranger, here?
Art thou the harbinger of bliss?
The herald from some happier sphere
To tell me (joyful tidings!) *this*?
"The day's at hand when heaven to thee
Shall not a transient vision be!"

Poor little captive! ill at ease!
It fluttering to the window flew,

Which when I open'd to the breeze,
It clapp'd its wings, and chirp'd adieu !
And vanish'd in the azure bright,
Singing and soaring with delight.

I thought upon my morning dream ;
And how I panted to return
Again to that celestial beam
Where angels sing and seraphs burn ;
And, like the throttle to its nest,
Soar to my everlasting rest.





RECOLLECTIONS OF SIDDONS AND JOHN KEMBLE.



PEN air, pleasant walks, and the delicious calm of a country solitude were the delight of Uncle Timothy. The rosy streaks of morn brightening the dappled east, the sun shedding a solemn purple on the trees full-leaved and deeply tinted, the sparkling dew-drops on the petals of flowers, the distant hills deepening in the grey twilight, the moon silver-white and crystal-clear, the heavens thick and radiant with ascending stars, the roaring elements, the storm-king, and the dark lurid clouds dipping into the waves, were objects that he loved to contemplate alone. Hence he would often disappear from his accustomed haunts, book auctions, curiosity shops, and picture galleries, to ramble in the fields, to read lessons of mortality in a country churchyard, to spin a yarn with an ancient mariner, or to pick up shells on the seashore.

The light, cool breeze of an autumnal evening

having tempted me abroad, I wandered to a secluded spot endeared to me by my earliest recollections, Paddington Churchyard. To my surprise and gratification I found my friend at his old pastime, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. "How many," said he, "of those whom I loved sleep here! There lie my two preceptors, Dr. Alexander Geddes and Thomas Hogg, men of mark in their time. The Doctor's principal work, 'A Translation of the Historical Books of the Old Testament,' met with ungenerous treatment from the self-opinionated and petulant author of 'The Pursuits of Literature,' who, while, with his narrow and miserable theology, defending Christianity, forgot that he was a Christian! My other master was an accomplished scholar, a man of thought and of solitude. A floricultural enthusiast, his garden was the delight of his leisure hours. He reared some of the most beautiful, varied, and perfect specimens of the carnation, pink, auricula, polianthus, tulip, ranunculus, rose, and purple heartsease that ever have been seen in this country; and his treatise on the growth of these exquisite flowers is a labour of love. His latter years (embittered by bad health and domestic sorrow) would have passed away under the deep shadow of unbroken gloom, but for his garden, which, by relieving his melancholy, well repaid his culture and care.

"In my boyhood, on a half-holiday, I was the frequent bearer of his presents of the *Viola amœna*,

or purple heartsease, to Mrs. Siddons, at her cottage on the Harrow Road. Her constant call for this lovely flower every spring to keep the purple bordering of her garden complete, induced the florists in the neighbourhood to give the name of '*Miss Heartsease*' to her managing handmaid. Little dreamt I in those days of the '*All hail hereafter!*' when the enchantress would make my lip quiver and my heart tremble! With a few kind words of welcome and of thanks my 'honoured hostess' would present me with cakes, preserves, and a glass of delicious currant wine. She would then recite to a young gentleman, of pleasing exterior and graceful manners, certain passages that I had read in my school books, with such surprising force and beauty, that I became all eyes and ears. The young gentleman was her favourite nephew, Horace Twiss; the recitations were private rehearsals of those glorious impersonations that unlocked the springs of passion. Her garden was a remarkable one. It was a garden of evergreens, which, together with a few deciduous shrubs, were of the most sombre description. It abounded in leafy avenues which served as aviaries for the blackbird and the nightingale. John Kemble, in his retirement at Lausanne, was also a cultivator of flowers. 'You would laugh,' said he, in a letter of his that I possess, 'to see me gardening!'

"We are within a few steps of the grave of Siddons. You have seen in yonder church the modest mural monument erected to her memory, proceed

we now to the spot where rest her remains." Uncle Timothy read the inscription on her tombstone, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

"I contemplated," he continued, "her genius in its meridian, and I beheld it majestically set in all its pristine glory."

"Long after Siddons had retired from the stage I heard her read to a select party the *Dagger*, and the *Witches'* scenes in *Macbeth*. Her awful tranquillity, her articulation and tones were terribly real. The heterogeneous and even ludicrous charms that compose the 'hell-broth' of the witches' cauldron were so spiritualized by her wonderful art, that I beheld 'posters of the sea and land,' 'bubbles of the earth,' that could realize all the supernatural miracles they had promised to Macbeth. I had been accustomed to hear these incantations greeted with rude laughter by the 'groundlings' because they had been buffooned by drolls. Well might Lord Byron resolve never to see Miss O'Neil, lest she should disturb his recollection of Siddons."

"My visit to Dulwich College, in company with Siddons and John Kemble in June, 1817, when, during our pleasant ride, we discoursed of Shakespeare and his 'Fellows,' must not be forgotten. Of all John Kemble's performances, *Lear*, in the estimation of Siddons, was the finest. 'As my brother,' she said, 'played the distracted and dis-crowned old King, I could imagine no tears, but a heart weeping blood.'

“Arrived at the Gallery we stood with fixed admiration before one of the great masterpieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds—Siddons in the character of the Tragic Muse. The painter had been content to inscribe his own illustrious name in one of the many graceful folds of her flowing garment.

‘’Tis wondrous like,
But that art cannot imitate what nature
Could make but once.’

“I gazed at the glorious copy,* and then at the more glorious original, and it was interesting to mark how time had reverently spared those perfect features, and that majestic form, and touched them with his tenderest and most pensive grace.

“It was at the house of Siddons that I heard John Kemble read the character of Falstaff, in the First Part of King Henry IV. He had intended to take leave of the stage in ‘my old lad of the castle,’ and at the foot of some of the play bills that preceded his benefit he was advertised to ‘ATTEMPT,’ for *the first time*, the character of the fat Knight; an announcement that created no small stir and curiosity among playgoers. ‘His conception of this comic world in one,’ said Siddons, ‘favoured of the sententious and sarcastic humour of Quin, whom I have

* None but Apelles was permitted to paint Alexander, and none but Sir Joshua was worthy to portray the grandeur, the grace, and the expression of Siddons.

seen Garrick imitate in this sweet creature of bombast, mingled, most artistically, with the rich, ripe, unctuous, and overflowing hilarity of Henderson.' But the making up of 'Lean Jack' appalled him. The basket-work and bagging required to swell him to the breadth and bulk of this Mountain of Mirth would, he feared, bring on an inconvenient fit of his old enemy the gout; he, therefore, not without regret, resigned 'Barebones,' and made his last bow in the noble CORIOLANUS, which, like many other characters of a high and grand cast, has been lost to the stage since that memorable Farewell.

"And can I forget the splendid public banquet given to this 'noblest Roman of them all' on his retirement from the scene of his histrionic triumphs? when an elegant silver vase, designed by the classical Flaxman, was presented to him, and a brilliant company distinguished in literature, art, and science (native and foreign); with many of England's nobility, assembled to bid him 'Farewell!' And how cordially did his '*Fellows*' rally round him to express their admiration of his genius, their respect for his character, and their affectionate regret at parting! Incledon's '*Storm*,' volunteered for the occasion, was less a song than an inspiration. Campbell's '*Ode*,' recited by Young, brought down sympathetic applause. Fawcett dubbed him his '*General*,' and the inimitable Matthews (having just convulsed the company with his 'Nightingale Club'), enthusiastically crowned him his '*Dramatic Sovereign*.'

Talma, the French Tragedian (next to whom I sat) bore generous testimony to the genius of his '*Friend Kemble*,' and when Kemble himself rose to return thanks for the 'blushing honours' so liberally poured upon him, he paid a reverent and an affecting tribute to the Poet for 'all time.' I keep my admission ticket and silver medal as valued memorials of the day.

"There (pointing to an upright tombstone with an appropriate inscription) lies one of Nature's truest artists, Collins, the painter of that charming picture in the Vernon Gallery, '*Happy as a King!*' and there, 'after life's fitful season,' sleeps well an 'unfortunate genius, a 'perturbed spirit,' who was ill qualified to do unequal battle with the world. Read that mournful record how Haydon died in penury of a broken heart!

"And now, my friend (continued Uncle Timothy), the Queen of Night and her Maids of Honour the Stars, warn us to depart. Life is but a series of '*Farewells*;' therefore, with every good wish until we meet again, I bid you mine."





WHAT IS HAPPINESS?



YOU ask me, Eugenio," said Uncle Timothy, "what is happiness? In 'virtue,' sings Pope; in 'celestial virtue,' repeats Dr. Johnson. But what, alas! becomes of virtue, after the dying exclamation of Brutus?—"O, virtue! I fought thee as a substance, but I find thee an empty name.' The amiable and melancholy Cowper, looking despondingly on the dark side of human nature, bids, in gloomy, but gloriously painted colours, happiness, 'unattainable treasure! adieu.' Love and friendship, being divine gifts, are happiness. Yet has not love been called 'an empty sound,' and friendship 'but a name?' The poet's dream is happiness; but how disturbed and transient! dissolving in an untimely death, to be buried in a pauper's grave! The miscalled happiness of the million—(ambition, avarice, sensuality, and ignorance)—is as strictly personal as the pulse that throbs and the heart that beats in token of their ignoble existence. I fear, therefore, we must come to the common conclusion that 'happiness is

happinefs.' To illustrate more particularly my meaning, take the following early passage (the whisperings of his meditations) from the life of your monitor :"—

" I gave the world a trial fair,
Resolved to thrive as some had thriven ;
I gave it all my time and care,
And talents, such as God had given.

I hurried to the busy Bourse,
With men of all religions traded,
For nothing better, nothing worse,
Than just to win and laugh as they did.

That man is born to buy and sell,
Soon I learnt was very certain,
And over-reach his neighbour well
Till upon him drops death's curtain ;

Yet still his race with credit run,
If Plutus has his pockets lined—
Since this rare merit is *the* one
To which the world is *never* blind.

I wish'd my schoolboy's lessons burnt,
Probity (the pedant !) preaching—
And that I had others learnt,
Very different tactics teaching!

Now wishes, I have heard are prayers ;
Ah ! then how stole upon my praying,
Like a grim goblin ! unawares,
The ghost of some dead saw, or saying ;

It held my hands, it closed my lips,
(A bargain, plague upon it ! spoiling ;)
But kept my tongue from sundry flips,
And saved my hands from many a foiling.

Charity would make a call ;
Love, perchance ; and friendship too—
Mammon, tell intruders all,
I'm at home to none but you !

Sabbath-bells would ring a peal—
What day could I devote to heaven,
The jealous God to whom I kneel
Demanding sternly all the seven ?

Had Eden bloom'd my sight was dim
To floral beauty ; deaf my ear
To the rapt Seraph's holiest hymn,
Had its high notes descended here—

And fairy-fiction, fancy truth,
Let your neglected pages tell,
Companions of my happy youth !
How I had bid you all farewell.

Unholy service ! to absorb
The soul, and quench the living flame
That lights the intellectual orb
Of God's own glorious image—flame !

The sleepless night has heard my cry,
‘ Would that again the morn were here !’
The cheerless morn my secret sigh,
‘ When will the moon and stars appear ?’

I felt, with care, the silver cord
Was slowly, but too surely, breaking ;
I felt, if peace were not restored,
My heart would soon have done with aching.

I now despair'd of keeping pace
With rivals, by success made bold,
In an ignominious race
Of which the *only* prize was gold !

To fall in such a fordid strife,
When I might still with honour fly,
Was casting back to heaven a life,
And the eternal death to die !

Reason's battle fought and won,
No longer yoked to Mammon's car,
Joy meets me with the morning sun,
And quiet, with the evening star,

And happy thoughts, and holy themes,
And cheerful converse, as of old,
And peaceful slumbers, pleasant dreams—
And here my latest dream is told.

The Vision was a Spirit bright,
The laurel wreathed her golden hair,
Her smile was sad, but full of light,
Her voice was soft, her form was fair.

‘ A nobler cause, a higher aim,
Your new ambition shall inspire’—
(With this kind promise CLIO came,
And bade me take her trembling lyre.)

‘ For mourners ’tis a present meet,
And therefore to a mourner given ;
It brings to sorrow solace sweet,
In songs for earth, and songs for heaven.’

Thrice happy change ! no more in vain
The sweetly-solemn music swells
(To call, Good Shepherd ! home again
A wandering sheep) of Sabbath Bells.”



UNCLE TIMOTHY AT HOME.



LAST New Year's Eve Uncle Timothy was our guest ; on the present anniversary we and a few friends were the guests of Uncle Timothy. His portfolios of rare prints, his well-selected library, and his cabinets of curiosities, were open for our inspection. For our palates the Penates of the pantry had been duly honoured, and had a Lucullus, a Mecænas, or an Apicius been our Amphitryon, and a countryman of Anacreon (*magister coquinæ*!) our cook, we could not have been more toothsomely entertained. Who was the *Dame Chatelaine*, this deponent sayeth not ; but the "second hunger," so sharply satirised by Juvenal, might have been pardoned by our pleading the scientifically dressed dainties of this patrician feast, that would have given a vegetarian the nightmare. Toasts and sentiments gave to choice wine an additional zest ; and as fancy takes flight on no wing like the bee's, fancy was in full feather. Catches and madrigals went merrily round, and simple ballads,

chanted in the olden time to the harp and the virginals, were now sung as sweetly to the pianoforte and the guitar. Twelfth Night was anticipated; and its cake, white and glittering as driven snow, and crowned with the figure of Shakespeare and a select group of his characters modelled and painted to the life “in little,” was serenaded with “Sweet Willy, O!” by the company in full chorus! With the tapestried curtains drawn in graceful folds, the wax lights shining brilliantly in Venetian glass lustres, the blazing yule-log crackling on parcel-gilt dogs of quaint design, at which Queen Elizabeth might have warmed her royal nose and toes, and the fragrant fluid sparkling from Sèvres coffee-cups—with these social appliances enlivened by pleasant discourse, the sweet of the evening came in.

“I venerate,” said Uncle Timothy, “the ancient custom, so beautifully symbolical, that crowns Apollo with bays, Anacreon with vine-leaves, and Christmas with mistletoe and holly. Let the hero have his palm, the bard his laurel, and every season its song. I would garland the virgin-bier with violets; wreath the chaste urn of the ‘rose distill’d’ with the narcissus and the lily tenderly entwined; give infancy its snowdrop, manhood its fruitful olive-tree, and old age its withered pine, bare, creaking, and bending to the winter blast! And have you, my young friends (addressing the gentlemen listeners who had drawn their Twelfth Night’s characters) no offering for the New Year? There (presenting each

of them with a paper) is a time-humoured saw that I propose as an exercise for your poetical brevity. Retire to my study, knock at wit's door, and I'll warrant you will find the chartered libertine at home." The juniors, taken by surprise, looked a little blank, but an assuring nod from Uncle Timothy gave them courage, and they marched off bravely to do his bidding.

Uncle Timothy was by nature intensely retrospective. He lived in the past. From politics he kept aloof. "*Nihil hoc ad editum.*" The wish of Achilles, when he looked out upon the battle of the ships, and desired that the Greeks and Trojans might destroy one another, and leave the field open for better men, he would playfully apply to Whig and Tory; and he was half inclined to agree with the old dramatist Webster, that "a politician is the Devil's quilted anvil." Religious controversy he avoided. In some of the companions of his youth, who had drank deep in the arid springs of scepticism, he had beheld the thorn in the early bud, the withering principle in the full blossom, and measureless remorse in the fere and yellow leaf; hence Faith, Devotion, and Truth were his abiding Trinity, and their calm, unfathomable power and beauty assured him of that heavenly beatitude, that eternal spring, which shall follow the dying year, when the aspiring spirit shall ascend before the INFINITE, and find herself, atoned for and redeemed, in the Presence of the Omnipotent. It was his passionate prayer that in

life he might be "zealously affected always in a good thing," and in death, which "openeth the gate of fame and extinguisheth envy," he might realise his best hope, in the peace and beauty of a tranquil sunset.

Uncle Timothy now recalled some cherished memories. "In the Midsummer holidays," said he, "of 1799, being on a visit to an old and opulent family of the name of Deverell, in Dereham, Norfolk, I was taken to the house of an ancient lady (a member of that family) to pay my respects to her, and to drink tea. Two visitors were expected. They soon arrived. The first was a pleasant looking, lively young gentleman, very talkative and entertaining; his companion was above the middle height, broadly made, but not stout, and advanced in years. His countenance had a charm that I could not resist. It alternately exhibited a deep sadness, a thoughtful repose, a fitful and an intellectual fire that surprised and held me captive. His manner was embarrassed and reserved. He spoke but little. Yet *once* he was roused to animation, and then his voice was full and clear. I have a faint recollection that I saw his face lighted up with a momentary smile. His hostess welcomed him as '*Mr. Cooper.*' After tea we walked for a while in the garden. I kept close to his side, when (patting me on the head) he kindly addressed me as '*My little master!*' I returned to school, but that expressive and interesting countenance I did not forget. In after years, standing, as was

my wont, before the shop windows of the London bookfellers, reading the titles of tomes that I longed, but lacked the money to buy, I recognized, at a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, that well remembered face prefixed to a volume of poems 'written by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, Esq.' The cap (for when I saw '*Mr. Cooper*,' he wore a wig) was the only thing that puzzled me. To make assurance doubly sure I hastened to the house of a relation hard by, and I soon learnt that '*Mr. Cooper*' was William Cowper. The gift of a few shillings put me in possession of the volumes, which I read and re-read; and the man whom, in my boyhood, I had so mysteriously revered, in my youth I ardently admired and loved! Many years have since passed away; but that reverence, that admiration, and that love have suffered neither diminution nor change.

"'It was something,' said Washington Irving, 'to have seen even the dust of Shakespeare.' It is something, too, to have been touched by the hand, to have beheld the face, and to have heard the voice of Cowper!

"I remember," continued Uncle Timothy, "Robert Bloomfield trimming and watering his little flower garden fronting his cottage in the City Road.* Who that has a heart for pathos, an eye for beauty, and an ear for poetry will not be charmed with

* A row of mean tenements now usurp and defecrate the Poet's Corner.

‘The Farmer’s Boy’; with the fine opening invocation, ‘O, come blest Spirit!’ the lovely night-scene of ‘a flock at rest;’ and the farmer bidding his shepherd (sitting in security by the cottage ingle) contrast his happier fate with that of the storm-rocked ship-boy clinging to the high and giddy mast? It was in my summer-house, at the close of an autumnal day, when the leaves, having put on their gayest liveries as funeral garments ere they fell, glowed and glistened with the richest colours, that I bade Robert Bloomfield my last sorrowful adieu, before he retired into the country to die. Ill-health had shattered his constitution; care and disappointment had disturbed and depressed his mind. He had paid the sad penalty of having once been popular, by the world’s subsequent coldness and neglect. He longed to return to Nature; to seek her bosom, and ask repose. On that mournful occasion he presented me with his miniature by Edridge, R.A., a fine likeness, and engraved for his works. Not long after this his family informed me of his death. The withered tree, and the blighted flower!” The chord was struck, and Uncle Timothy’s *own harp* sounded a requiem!

“Another Star has left its sphere,
 In happier, holier realms to rise;
 Dark clouds eclipsed its brightness here,
 Its lustre hid from human eyes.

Yet were that risen radiant star
 (A ransomed Spirit!) but in sight,

'Twould be a lamp exceeding far
All that we here have seen of light.

Its heavenly music now is heard,
(That music hushed, alas ! so long)
Its strings of harmony are stirred,
The Saviour's Sacrifice its song !

He died ; then broke death's prison bars ;
He rose again from earth and time ;
That souls redeem'd might shine as Stars
Before His Father's Throne sublime."

The return of the young Tyros with their tasks
dispelled the sadness that overshadowed the cheerful
brow of Uncle Timothy.

"What news from Parnassus, my merry masters ?
What (opening the first paper that was handed to
him) sings *Autolicus* ?

"*'Let those laugh that win,'* is a saying in vogue
Very glib (like a fib !) with the prosperous
rogue.

"*'Let those laugh that win,'* cries the 'Shop,'
with a grin,
When it has taken a customer in !

"*'Let those laugh that win,'* in a risible fit,
Is Mammon's salute to a capital hit.

"*'Let those laugh that win,'*" is the jubilant cry
Of Good-luck and Company's fortunate fry,

Poor Honesty only, through thick and through
thin,
Has never yet chuckled ‘*Let those laugh that
win.*’

“Soft words, but hard arguments! What says
Touchstone?

“‘*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*’—
Spare dead rascals, let alone ‘em!
Memories so rank and rotten
Should be by Charity forgotten.

“‘*De mortuis nil nisi*’ VERUM!
Gibbet knaves; that knaves may fear ‘em!
And from their example learn
They shall be gibbeted in turn!

“‘*Bonum?*’ ‘*Verum!*’ Never, never
Truth, from dead or living, sever.

“‘*Mischief in miniature!*’ who takes a turn at the
churn, or a swig at the home-brewed with equal
gusto—Now for thy ‘silver penny.’

“‘*Forget and Forgive.*’—If I *can* do the one,
Without further doing, the other is done!
Put but ‘Forgive’ in the place of its brother,
My heart shall try one, while my brain tries the
other.

But this will I promise (for injuries live)
What my brain can’t ‘Forget,’ why my heart
shall ‘Forgive.’”

Here Uncle Timothy peeped over his spectacles at *Puck* ; paused, and then called upon *Othello*.

“ ‘*Two blacks don’t make a white,*
Very right, Sir ; very right.
You than most men being meaner,
Makes me not a bit the cleaner.
Differing only in degree,
A pretty pair of rogues are we !

“ Curt and pert ! Now for *Sir John Falstaff*.

“ ‘*Tell the truth and shame the fire
Of every lie, and every liar.*’
Telling truth would Pelion level
Quite as soon as ‘*shame the Devil.*’
Tell the truth, and fibbers rather
Make ashamed of such a father !

“ *Starved Apothecary !*

‘*Make hay while the sun shines.*’ So I would
have done,
If on my poor pasture had e’er shone the sun.

“ *Shylock.*

Son, thy yearly ‘*groat*’ to win,
Pick up Mammon’s daily ‘*pin* ;’
And when up the pin thou pickest
(Where the mud is blackest, thickest),
Think what life is ; what a boon
To money-grubs beneath the moon !
Ending just as it begins,
In picking up, and hoarding ‘*pins.*’

“ *Trinculo.*

‘ *The end shall justify the means.*’

‘ True ! ’ says Satan, behind the scenes.

But if from evil good’s to come,

Leave the old fin ner to work his sum !

“ *Timon.*

Where’s ‘ *Charity* ’ all winter been ?

At home !

She abroad was never seen

To roam.

Against the cold and cutting blast

She barr’d her doors and windows fast.

But now the weather’s bright, and warm,

And clear,

She will let her tender form

Appear ;

And for long absence make amends

By going out to see her friends.

“ *Goodman Dogberry.*

Gossip ! gossip ! he *advi-fed*,

‘ *A still tongue doth make a wise head.*’

Rather say, Sir, rather say,

It don’t that empty head betray ;

So of gravity the visor

Makes a fool look all the wiser.

“ *Orlando.*

‘ *Money makes the mare to go.*’

Very quick, or very slow !

If your purse be pretty hot,
 She will start into a trot ;
 If from hot, it hotter grow,
 She, full gallop, off will go !
 If its strings be tightened all,
 How the jade will creep and crawl !
 But if finally at fault,
 Rosinante makes a halt !

“ A closer, and a poser ! Had I known, Messieurs
Autolicus and Company, that you were so cunning
 at conceits, and so ready at rhymes, I might have
 paused ere I put my head into your epigrammatical
 hornet’s nest. For these New Year’s offerings I
 thank you heartily. My offering is to the Old Year,
 now in its last hour.

“ Ere the parting year expire,
 Ere is toll’d its solemn knell,
 Let me of myself inquire,
 Have I spent it ill, or well ?

Was it to my Maker given ?
 Or to Mammon sold a slave ?
 Am I one step nearer heaven,
 As I’m many to the grave ?

Have I let Religion’s light
 Shine upon the path I trod,
 That man, her beauty seeing, might
 Glorify the Living God ?

From the burning have I striven
Other brands for Him to save?
Am I one step nearer heaven
As I'm many to the grave?"

These were the Questions.—What were the
Replies?





TOM D'URFEY.



HAT martyr to hypochondriasis has not consulted Thomas (*vulgo Tom!*) D'Urfey? whose "Pills to purge Melancholy" relaxed the rigid, frigid muscles of saturnine King William, and cast out the Blue Devils from her querulous Majesty Queen Anne. Who has not enjoyed the Saxon humour of Tory Tom, on whose shoulder the merry monarch leaned familiarly, humming an opera tune? Of whom it was said that many an ambitious *parvenu* got credit for pretending to have been in his company, and of whom it was sung (in reference to his intimacy with the Duke of Albemarle, son of General Monk, and his own poverty-stricken fortune) that—

"He prates like a parrot;
He sups with a Duke,
And he lies in a garret."

His ready wit, lyrical talents, musical voice, high animal spirits, and festive turn, made Tom D'Urfey

capital company. At Knowle, the princely seat of the Duke of Dorset, he was a welcome guest, and his periwigged portrait smiles cordially upon us in its famous picture gallery. A rare print, entitled, "A Sketch of a Topeing Meeting between a Parson, a Burgher-master's Steward, and a Poet," represents the Poet (Tom) doing the honours of a convivial party in a snugger at Knowle; and another print, still rarer, exhibits him as Randolph Ruby-face, A.M., Chaplain in ordinary to the Bacchanalian Society of Wine-Bibbers, with "tub ecclesiastic," cushion, bottle, glass, and book before him, holding forth on the virtues of wine. It is to be regretted that this votary of Apollo and the jolly god, who wrote "more odes than Horace, and about twice as many comedies as Terence," should, in his old age, have become poor. But for the interposition of the ever kind and accomplished Addison, this veteran singing-bird might have literally died in a cage. Against the wall on the south-west angle of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, may be seen a stone bearing this curt inscription,—“Tom D'Urfey, died Feb. 26, 1723.”

This brief notice of so celebrated a wit is to introduce a piece not printed in his works. Its title is "*The English Stage Italianised, &c. Written by Thomas Durfey, Poet Laureat de Jure.*"*

* The only copy known of this book produced in the sale-room of Messrs. Sotheby and Co., in 1832, two pounds, ten shillings! Its published price was sixpence.

This literary curiosity is a free, facetious satire on the popular rage for Italian sing-song, that the "Beggar's Opera" "scotched," but did not kill. It points out, in a ludicrous vein, the necessity of banishing those "formal fellows," Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Otway, and Congreve; and of turning adrift the abettors and interpreters of their dulness, Wilks, Booth, Colley Cibber, and Oldfield; and of filling up their places with fashionable fiddling, singing, and dancing Signors and Signoras! who, by the "hurly-burly of coaches, the conflagration of torches, the circle of belles, the crowd of beaus, and the ample subscription," prove that the town is entirely their very humble servant!

Now for the argument. Æneas, the itinerant Prince of Troy, and his father Anchises, are feasted at the Court of Carthage by Queen Dido. To enliven the banquet, Æneas relates his adventures to Her Majesty; during which, Harlequin purloins some tidbits from the Prince's plate, and for this petty theft is sentenced to be hanged. The Prince, however, procures his pardon. The good looks of Æneas having "transfixed the soul" of Queen Dido, she falls into love fits, and makes Columbine her confidante.

Æneas, instead of returning the tender passion of the Queen, proposes to Columbine. Harlequin respectfully informs his Highness that the fair figurante is pre-engaged; whereupon the Prince insinuates into his hand a purse of gold, and then

does Harlequin promise, "upon his honour," (!) to pimp for him.

The flighted Dido, dagger in hand, resolves to cry quittance with Columbine. A Cabinet Council is held, Harlequin sitting as Prime Minister, "the Doctor" as War Secretary, and Scaramouch officiating as clerk. It is determined to pursue the fugitive lovers, who have eloped to the sea-coast. Harlequin (*sub rosa*) informs them of their danger; pockets, for the information, another purse; sees them on shipboard, and wishes them *bon voyage*!

The Queen, on horseback, harangues her brave troops. Harlequin, as Generalissimo, makes a loyal reply, Pantaloon promises to conquer, or perish, and "the Doctor" engages to furnish from the Privy Purse the sinews of war. The Generalissimo, "the Doctor," and Pantaloon (the latter had threatened to peach if not permitted to share in the plunder!) cheat the soldiers out of every penny of their pay.

A scout announces the sudden approach of an enemy. The Carthaginian heroes take to their heels, and panic-stricken Pantaloon takes to his!

A second scout informs Her Majesty that the invading fleet is wind-bound, and that the alarm was a false one. Whereupon she "rides about the camp like a fury," and makes Harlequin Lord High Admiral.

Dido, dressed as a shepherdess, runs stark mad, and her maids of honour run stark mad too, "bleating like young lambkins!" Her next frolic is to

make Harlequin her hobby-horse. "The Doctor" is now consulted; he prescribes; and the Queen is sane again; but, alas! only to hear the sad news that Harlequin, who had nourished a secret passion for his Sovereign, has, in a fit of despondency, suspended himself from the back-stairs' banister! Her Majesty commands that his body shall be brought into the Presence Chamber; which done, she cries over it so pitifully, that "the Doctor," compassionating her distress, by a pharmaceutical process not necessary to be named, brings him to life again; and the Queen, to crown the catastrophe and to spite the false Prince, gives Harlequin her hand, and proclaims him, to the sound of martial music, King of Carthage.





OLD BALLADS.

F any portion of English Literature be more generally interesting than another, it is ancient ballad-lore. Battles have been fought and heroes immortalized in its inspiring strains. It has made us familiar with the manly virtues, sympathies, sports, pastimes, traditions, the very language of our forefathers, gentle and simple. We follow them to the tented field, the tournament, the border foray, the cottage ingle, and the public hostelry. We glow with their martial spirit, and join in their rude festivities. Narrative and sentiment, reality and romance, the noblest patriotism and the tenderest love, the wildest mirth and the deepest melancholy, inform, delight, and subdue us by turns. The impulses of the heart, those gems of truth! were the inspirations of the muse. Hence thoughts of rare pathos and beauty, and felicity of expression that no study could produce, no art could polish, find a response in every bosom. In peace,

the ballad might be the "woeful" one made to a "mistress's eyebrow;" in war, it was the trumpet sounding "to arms!" or the muffled drum rolling forth the warrior's requiem.

The merit of our old English Border Ballads was long ago acknowledged far beyond Britain's sea-girt land. Joseph Scaliger, when he visited England in 1566, among many minute observations recorded in his entertaining Table Talk, particularly notices the excellence of our Border Ballads, the beauty of Mary Stuart, and our burning coal instead of wood in the north.

The tunes to which these ballads were sung are centuries older than the ballads themselves. Many of them are lost in antiquity. "*The Bride's good morrow,*" "*The fyrst Apelles,*" "*Damon and Pythias,*" "*A new lusty gallant,*" "*The nine Muses,*" "*Pepper is blacke,*" "*Lightie Love,*" "*Black Almanie, upon Scissilia,*" "*Labandalashotte,*" "*Bragandary,*" "*The Wanton Wife,*" "*In Somertime,*" and "*Please one and please all,*" were among the most popular. Many ballads quoted by Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Samuel Rowlands ("*Crew of Kind Gossips*") extend not beyond a single verse, or even a single line; yet how suggestive are they! It was such penny broadsides that composed the "bunch" of the military mason, Captain Cox, of Coventry, and that stocked the pedlar's pack of Autolicus; and their power of fascination may be learnt from the varlet's own words, when he

laughingly brags how nimbly he lightened the gaping villagers of their purses while chanting to them his merry trol-my-dames!

We delight in a Fiddler's Fling, full of mirth and pastime! We revel in the exhilarating perfume of those odoriferous chaplets gathered on sunshiny holidays and star-twinkling nights, bewailing how beautiful maidens meet with faithless wooers, and how fond shepherds are cruelly jilted by deceitful damsels; how despairing Corydons hang, and how desponding Phillises drown themselves for love; how disappointed lads go to sea, and how forlorn lasses follow them in jackets and trousers! Sir George Etheridge, in his comedy of "Love in a Tub," says, "Expect at night to see an old man with his paper lantern and crack'd spectacles, singing you woeful tragedies to kitchen-maids and cobblers' apprentices." Aubrey mentions that his nurse could repeat the history of England, from the Conquest to the time of Charles I, in ballads. And Aubrey, himself a book-learned man, delighted in after years to recall them to his remembrance. In Walton's "Angler," Piscator having caught a chub, conducts Venator to an "honest ale-house, where they would find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and *twenty ballads* stuck about the wall." "When I travelled," says the Spectator, "I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed." The

heart-music of the peasant was his native minstrelsy, his blithesome carol in the cottage and in the field.

“Listen to mee my lovely Shepherd’s joye,
 And thou shalt heare with mirth and muckle
 glee,
 Some pretie tales which, when I was a boye,
 My toothlesse grandame oft hath told to mee.”

We would not part with those mirth-moving merri-ments, “*Goody Two-Shoes*,” “*Mother Bunch*,” “*The Cruel Uncle*,” “*The Little Glass Slipper*,” “*The Comical Cheats of Swalpo*,” and “*Nine Penny-worth of Wit for a Penny*,” for all the self-complacency of platform-pietism, the pragmatism of social science, the bitter rivalries of religious sects, and the hard, dry, husky essays on political economy; toys with which “infants, but of larger growth,” amuse themselves in the present day! Long may these “pretie tales” be the grandame’s theme, the charm of listening childhood in every village home!

In the “very proper ditties,” and “pleasant posies” of Queen Elizabeth’s time, the ballad-monger’s barometer was the public pulse. Hence the Ladye-love was extolled, the Popish priest lampooned, the Rebel reviled, the Sovereign deified, the Shrew shown up, the hen-pecked Husband pilloried, and the most rare Monster on two legs or on four, moralised as a judgment upon the nation, and a

warning to the wicked ! Winding up with a prayer for the Queen ! Even Tyburn's noose had its muse.

The Britons, from an early period, were a ballad-singing people. The ancient English minstrels who succeeded the Troubadours sang songs of their own composing to the sound of the harp. These were, in part, if not wholly, French or Provençal. Richard I, who was himself a minstrel, wrote verses in that tongue, some of which are extant. For many ages "trumpeters, luters, harpers, fingers, &c." contributed to the national amusement. They were the historians and the poets of deeds of daring and danger, of chivalry and love, before the invention of printing. No state ceremony, or religious festival; no marriage, or christening; no castle, or tavern was complete without them. Printing was a heavy blow to extemporaneous lyrics chanted to hum-drum tunes by wandering glee-men. Such careless, traditionary, unwritten* compositions, though they might satisfy the ear, would not bear the critical ordeal of the press; and a better sort of ballad-mongers and ballad-singers superseded these droning itinerants. "*The Downfall of Thomas Lord Cromwell*," in 1540, is quoted by Ritson as the oldest printed ballad known.

* In ancient times the art of writing was an accomplishment that even Royalty was found to dispense with. Charlemagne, who could not write, signed his Coronation Oath with the finger of his glove dipped in ink; and William the Conqueror, to make "footh" the title-deed of an estate granted to one of his Norman Barons, bit the white wax with one of his teeth.

It has been reprinted by Dr. Percy, and we believe is now in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.

Itinerant vocalism suffered its pains and penalties. In 1537 one John Hogon was arrested for singing publicly a political ballad contrary to the proclamation of 1533 for the suppression of "fond books, ballads, rhymes, &c." And ten years afterwards, owing to their increasing circulation, the legislature passed an act against "printed ballads, plays, rhymes, and other fantasies." The more liberal government of Edward VI. was tolerant to this popular literature; but the cross-grained and bigoted Queen Mary, a month after her accession to the throne, reopened the penal fire, and "printers, and stationers" with "an evil zeal for lucre, and covetous of vile gain," were commanded by royal edict to abandon their unlawful trade. We can well imagine with what gusto the poor gleemen chanted "*Te Deum*" when this anti-social reign came to a close, and how heartily the commonalty participated in the rejoicings of this nest of nightingales!

Propitious to the Smithfield Muse was the popular reign of Elizabeth. Ballad-singing was in all its glory.* Then flourished Tarleton, Antony Mun-

* "If I let passe the un-accountable rabble of rhyming ballet-mongers, and compylers of sundry sonets (who be most busy to stuff every stall full of grosse devises and unlearned pamphlets) I trust I shall be with the best sort held excused. For though many such can have an ale-house song of five or six score verses hobbling upon some tune of '*Northern Jugge*,' or '*Robin Hode*,' or '*La Lulba*,' &c. &c. and perhapps observe just

day, Johnson, Delony,* and Elderton.† The latter lyrist was wont to “arm himself with his ale when he ballated,” and upon whom was written the following epitaph, which would apply quite as well to brother Delony, who was also a famous ale-bibber :—

number of fillables, eight in one line, and fixe in another, and therewithall an ‘a’ to make a joke in the end : yet if these might be accounted poets (as it is sayde some of them make meanes to be promoted to the laurell) surely we shall shortly have whole swarmes of poets ; and many are that can frame booke in ryme, though for want of matter, it be but in commendations of coffee-rooms or bottle ale, wyll catch at the garlande due to poets whose *pollitical* (poetical I should say) heades I would wythe, at their worship-full commencement, be gloriously garnished with faire greene barley in token of their good affection for our Englishe malt. A Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586, by William Webbe.”

* Of Delony, Nashe says, “He hath rhyme enough for all miracles, and wit to make a *Garland of Good Will*, &c. ; but whereas his muse from the first peeping forth, hath stood at livery at an ale-house wisp, never exceeding a penny a quart, day or night—and this dear year, together with the silencing of his looms, scarce that—he is constrained to betake himself to carded ale (*i. e.* ale mixed with small beer), whence it proceedeth that since Candlemas, or his Jigg of John for the King, not one merry ditty will come from him ; nothing but *Thunderbolt against Swearers ; Repent, England, repent ;* and the *Strange Judgements of God*.”

† “Will Elderton’s *red nose* is famous everywhere,
And many a ballet knows it cost him very deare,
For ale, and toast, and spice, he spent good store of coin,
You need not ask *him* twice to take a cup of wine.
Yet though his nose was red, his hand was very white,
In work it never sped, nor took in it delight ;
No marvel therefore ’tis that white should be his hand ;
That ballets writ a score as you may well understand.”

MS.

“ Hic fitus est fitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico, hic fitus est ! hic potius fitis est.”

Which is thus translated by Oldys :—

“ Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie ;
Dead as he is, he still is dry :
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.”

Skelton, at an earlier period, had kept the press alive with his merry ballads and merry tales, but these sweet fingers absolutely inundated it. So profitable was their calling, that Henry Chettle, in his “ Kind-Hart’s Dreame,” *circa* 1592, says, “ There is many a tradesman of a worshipfull trade, yet no stationer, who after a little bringing uppe apprentices to singing brokerie, takes into his shoppe some freshmen, and trustes his olde servantes of a two months’ standing with a doffen of ballads. In which, if they prove thriftie, he makes them pretty chapmen, able to speed more pamphlets by the state forbidden, than all the bookfellers in London.”

Nicholas Breton (“ *Pasquil’s Night-Cap*,” 1600) advises prose-men to take up the more thriving trade of writing penny ballads. Every London street had its vocalist, and Essex (where Dick and Wat Wimbars, two celebrated trebles, are said to have got twenty shillings a-day by singing at Braintree fair,) and the adjoining counties would seem to have liberally patronized this “ upstart generation of ballad-

fingers." Peripatetic harmony, however, had its jarring notes of discord. Philip Stubbes, the puritan, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," denounces "songs, filthy ballads, and scurvy rhymes." Bishop Hall, (see "*Virgедemiarum*," 1597), lashes the "drunken rimer" (probably the peerless Elderton!) who

"Sees his handselle have such faire successe,
Sung to the wheele, and sung unto the payle."

Chettle gives no quarter to certain licentious ballads, viz. "*Watkins' Ale*," "*The Carman's Whistle*," "*Chopping Knives*," and "*Friar Fox-taile*;" and Shakespeare has his satirical hit at "metre ballad-mongers."

The Carmen of ancient times made the "welkin dance," and "roused the night owl" with their uproarious catches, which *Justice Shallow*, ever in the "rear-ward of the fashion," palmed upon the "overscutcht huswives," as his own "fancies," or "good nights."

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,"

and the milkmaids, were chantresses of ancient ballads. In Deloney's History of Jack of Newberry, the *Weaver's Song* is thus introduced. "Then came his highness (Henry VIII, who was on a visit to Jack,) where he saw a hundred looms standing in one room, and two men working in every one, who pleasantly *sung in this sort*." Nor has ballad-singing among the craft fallen into desuetude; the pigeon-fancying silk-weavers of Spitalfields still make their

garrets harmonious. Whether the carmen of the present day are as musical as their brethren of the past, we know not: but this we know, that the song of the spinner, the knitter,

(“Pillow and bobbins all her little store,”)

and the milkmaid is still to be heard in scattered hamlets and in rural villages not yet disfigured by unsightly cotton mills, and in “daisy-dappled” fields that for a brief season are respited from a brick-and-mortar end!

“Knights and dames, and goblins hairy,
Giants rude, and gentle fairy,”

were as plentiful and as popular as ever. James I. was an encourager of pleasant mirth and pastime for his court and people. He thought that men were none the worse for being merry. Pedant he might be, but happily he was no puritan. In process of time the old ballad-mongers passed away, and when Charles I. ascended the throne a new race succeeded to their titles, though they maintained very indifferently their honours. The most prolific and the most distinguished of them was Martin Parker, who, to “fonde Elderton,” was a Swan of Helicon! His “*Robin Conscience*,” “*The King and the poor Northern man*,”* “*When the King enjoys his own*

* He also wrote a popular song beginning—

“Although I am a country lads,
A louty mind I bear—a,

again," and many others of still greater merit, place him in the first line of old ballad-writers. In his wake followed a far inferior fry (Price, Wade, Climesel, and Guy), to whom the much-abused Elderton was a Triton of the Minnows. In fecundity they kept pace with their predecessors, pouring forth merry medicines for melancholy, and not forgetting particular grievances; since in Charles II.'s reign ballads were sung in the streets of Norwich stating that if poor weavers had their "*rights*" they would be paid a shilling a day as in the good old times! During the usurpation, the people who had been arbitrarily deprived of their amusements, their pastimes in times past, found refuge in the penny ballad, in which the dishonesty and cant of their oppressors were severely satirised. And while the "well-trod stage," that Shakespeare had made a school of eloquence, was sternly prohibited; and the "well-graced actor" was pining in poverty, while the flowery May-pole lay prostrate; while music was hushed and minstrelsy mute, and the once cheerful domestic hearth was cold and comfortless; the dark narrow streets and by-lanes, the low-roofed and dingy houses and hostelryes of ancient London rang, under the rose! with these forbidden madrigals.

I think myself as good as those
That gay apparel wear—a."

This song was sung to the tune that Carey adopted for his
"*Sally in our Alley*."

The Restoration diffused its refreshing influence around, and England, breathing freely again, joyfully resumed her *status quo ante bellum*, her time-honoured title of "Merrie."* The national mirth, rising from its enforced and troubled sleep, broke out into excesses political† and bacchanalian. Bells chimed, bonfires blazed, rumps were roasted, fiddles squeaked,‡ and the conduits ran with wine. The pike gave place to the pen, long faces to short graces, and narrow fanaticism to broad fun. Songs of a superior class, sparkling with caustic wit and drollery, brought out in bold relief Jack Presbyter; and Sir Robert Howard made that tipsy roisterer, in the character of *Obadiab*, cut a very ridiculous figure on the stage. The lazzaroni of Grub-street were let loose again. But they misused their liberty by leavening their lyrics with the licentious and the profane. Precise

* "Shall we, who would not suffer the Lion to reign over us, tamely stand to be devoured by the Wolf?" broke Cromwell's peace, and made him wear a shirt of mail under his velvet doublet till the day of his death!

† The "Hearth-money," a tax collected by (as he was nicknamed) the "Chimney-man," was very unpopular with the subjects of Charles II, and about which a large bunch of Broadside Ballads are preserved in the British Museum.

‡ Fiddlers were not confined to low taverns rampant with tap-life and reeking with public-house odour. A Band of twenty-four violins (including tenors and basses) accompanied the meals of Charles II, and enlivened his devotions in the Chapel Royal. Hence the comic song, "*Four-and-Twenty Fiddlers all of a row*." The Leader of this fiddling "Twenty-four" was one John Banister.

Jack, who “ate exceedingly and prophesied,” and his prim Madam—and Zeal-o’-the-Land Busy, the drawling disciple of Ludovic Muggleton, the tipping Methodist tailor, and, in his fuddled hallucinations, a great testifier against the roast pig and puppet shows in Bartholomew Fair—could not take a turn in Pimlico-path and Moorfields without some cruel chorister intoning in their ears a mock canticle or burlesque ballad * attuned to the nasal twang after the fashion of the “Brethren,” † which the unregenerate rabble would echo back in full chorus, grinning, after the fashion of our modern negro melodists, with all the dental *abandon* peculiar to that race. King William the Calvinist, to whose tender mercies the English army owes the first introduction of the lash, and his mistress Lady Orkney, were a bountiful boon to “ballad-brokery ;” as were his bull-necked, big-breeched Dutch body-guards, that put John Bull into such a pitiful panic ! While Bentick and Keppel,

* Or saluting them, *con spirito*, with the following strophe,

“ My wife she’s a Presbyterian,
 She won’t swear, but she will lie ;
 She to the ale-house, I to the tavern ;
 She gets fou as well as I.”

† The Pilgrim Puritan Fathers of Massachusetts, who hung, burned alive, and tortured their fellow-emigrants the Quakers, made dancing a statutable offence, and drinking of healths a misdemeanour ; and decreed that smoking a pipe on the Sabbath should be punishable by the pillory, and that sweethearts who kissed one another at parting should be whipped ! What wonder then that the people should adopt Sir Andrew Ague-cheek’s reason for hating—“Because he is a *Puritan* ?”

(court parasites, between whom he divided an extent of country larger than Hertfordshire,) were serenaded at all corners with satirical songs.*

The old-fashioned minstrelsy of the million (alas! for its decadence and decline) had seen its best days. Diversions more attractive put street ballad-singing in abeyance. Old songs were now gathered into Garlands, and reprinted as Chap Books adorned with "new and proper sculptures," and in this more permanent form were fortunately preserved to posterity. The Pepysian and Bodleian libraries are rich in these tiny tomes, and in that of the writer there are many scarce and curious specimens. St. Bartholomew and Frost Fairs; Party Politics; the tender Passion; and Tyburn Tree, still found congenial occupation for a host of sonneters. "Duck Lane" and its "kindred cobwebs," "*The Ring*" in Little Britain,† "*The Three Bibles*," "*The Black*

* "Three very rogues in our big brogues,
Three very rogues are we;
Brother, *Ben* you are the worst of us two,
And *Hookey's* the worst of us three!"

This "scurvy rhyme," supposed to be chanted by Keppel, "*Hookey*" and his Queen "*Goneril*" must have often heard under their palace windows; accompanied by a Dutch Concert ("*Kicks and Thumps!*"); meet music for such callous, jaded hearts, that regarded a false oath as

"a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech."

† In former days there were "Offices for licences to eat fresh meat" on prohibited days, in Little Britain, and at Paul's Chain.

Boy" on London Bridge, and "*The Golden Ball*" in Pye Corner, were the Heliconian Founts which poured forth their inspirations that made old London vocal—the mural literature that

"Befringed the walls of Bedlam and Soho."*

The accomplishments of the bygone ballad-finger† are thus described by Brathwaite in his "*Whimsies*." "Now he counterfeits a natural *base*, then a perpetual *treble*, and ends with a *counter-tenure*. You shall heare him fayne an artfull straine through the *nose*, purposely to insinuate into the attention of the *purser* brotherhood." And in a rare

* Among the most popular of these was a nursery song,

"What have you got for supper, for supper, Goody Bond?
The ducks in the garden, and the geese in the pond."

And

"One a-penny, two a-penny, hot cross-buns!
If your daughters do not like 'em, you can give 'em to your
sons;
But if your sons too like 'em not, the cross-grain'd little elves!
Why then, my merry Mistresses, just eat 'em up your-
selves!"

† Richard Sheale, a ballad writer and finger, who died in 1574, describes, in a "*Chant*," his loss of "threescore pounds at a clap" by riding alone over Dunsmore Heath. Sheal's wife (so he sings) was a "silk-woman," and drove a profitable trade at country fairs, in "shirts, smocks, partlets, head-clothes, silk thread, edgings, skirts, beads, and strings at Litchfield Market, Atherston, and Tamworth;" at which latter place he dwelt.

.....

tract, "*Nimble and Quick, Pick and Chuse where you will,*" without date, we have a quaint specimen of his phraseology. "I love strong beer twice in the year, that is, summer and winter. *Ballad-fingers* have the most honest trade in the world for money, it is also an ancient and honorable calling, for Homer was also one." Ben Jonson, in his "*Bartholomew Fair*" introduces Nightingale, a ballad-singer, who asks Cokes whether he shall sing his ballad to the tune of "*Paggington's (Packington's) Pound.*"

In "*Beware of M. Jewell,*" by John Rastell, 1566, in the Address "To the Indifferent Reader," "The Third Booke," the ballad-fingers are spoken of in the following laudatory terms. "They speake so eloquently that a man would sweare upon a Booke for them, that they thinke as they speake, and speake no more than they will do. Whatsoever thing they sel, as '*Newes out of India,*' or '*The Original of the Turkish Empire,*' or '*Mery Tales,*' or '*Songes and Ballets,*' or a '*Powder to Kil Wormes,*' &c., they do it with such grace, with such a constancie, with such a copie of wordes, with such moving of affections, that it is wonderful."

Sir John Hawkins says, speaking of musical entertainments given in public-houses, and by performers hired by the landlords, "Here half a dozen of fiddlers would scrape '*Sellenger's Round,*' or '*John, come kifs me,*' or '*Old Sir Simon the King,*' with divisions, till themselves and their audience were tired; after which as many players on the hautboy

would in the most harsh and discordant tones, grate forth '*Green Sleeves*,' '*Yellow Stockings*,' '*Gillian of Croydon*,' or some such common dance tune, and the people thought it fair musick."

The simple songs that touched the gentle hearts of the "*Cuddies*," and the "*Colin Clouts*," the "*Mopsas*" and the "*Marians*" of Merrie England in the Olden Time, are not likely to be endured in the present refined age, when those faultless monsters of its lyric muse, "*Pop goes the Weazle*," "*Villikins and his Dinah*," "*Sally, come up*," and "*The Rat-catcher's Daughter*," &c., have mounted from the streets to the drawing-room. As to our modern itinerant ballad-singers (the screech-owls, with their gin-and-fog voices and riff-raff rhymes!) they certainly are no improvement upon their predecessors.

Than old ballad-lore nothing in literature is more rare. Ritson bears testimony to its uncommon scarcity. "Very few ballads," he remarks, "exist of an earlier date than the reigns of James, or even Charles I. Being printed only on single sheets, which would fall chiefly into the hands of the vulgar, who had no better method of preserving their favourite compositions than by pasting them on the wall, their destruction is easily accounted for." Is it too romantic to believe that the spirit of Captain Cox might have hovered over the very few (printed before 1600) that are extant, and saved them from the unconscious Cook, who would have pinned them to the Michaelmas Goose to keep it

from fingeing, or from the simple Sempstres who would have torn them into thread-papers?

The five volumes of old ballads bequeathed by Samuel Pepys to the University of Cambridge are chiefly of the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. They treat of "*Hunting*," of "*Love pleasant*," and of "*Love unfortunate*," &c. &c. A few are ancient, and were put forth by Richard Lant, and the Widow Toye. The Roxburghe Collection, in the British Museum, contain some ballads printed before 1600; but the far greater number are of a more recent date. Mr. Bindley's old ballads and broadsides,* printed between 1640 and 1688, were collected by Narcissus Luttrell. The Rawlinson "Bunch" is in the famous Bodleian Library. Mr. Heber possessed the largest number of Elizabethan ballads† ever sold by auction. They are enshrined in the magnificent library of the late Mr. Miller, M.P. which, we hear, is destined one day to become the property of some public institution.

The "*ELIZABETHAN GARLAND*," in the possession of the writer, consists of Seventy Ballads, printed between the years 1559 and 1597, all of which editions are presumed to be unique. But very few of them have been reprinted, and these with important interpolations and omissions; consequently they are as rare

* This large and interesting collection (in four lots) was sold by public auction in the year 1820, for seven hundred and eighty-one pounds!

† Sold December 9, 1834.

as manuscript. Some are historical, others fatirical, a few monstrous, not a few amorous, many moral, and more merry.

Among the most characteristic and curious of them will be found "The Wonders of England;"* "A New Ballad (with music) of a Lover Extollinge his Ladye;" "The Daunce and Song of Death;" "A New Ballade entytuled, Good Fellowes must go learne to daunce;"† "A very proper Dittie, to the tune of Lightlie love;"‡ "The Pope in his fury doth answer returne, In a letter ye which to Rome is late come;"|| "The 25, Order of Fooles;" "Ane new ballet set out by ane Fugitive Scottis-man that fled out of Paris at this lait Murther;"§

* Printed in 1559. Alluding to the death of Edward VI. The accession of Queen Mary to the throne. The restoration of the Roman Catholic religion in England. Its fall. And the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

† Printed in 1569. With a woodcut of "good fellows" drinking and dancing.

‡ This ballad is twice mentioned by Shakespeare. ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act 1. Sc. 2, and "Much Ado About Nothing," Act 3, Sc. 4.)

|| In which the Pope is made thus to admonish the ballad-monger:

"Fond Elderton, call in thy foolish rhime,
Thy scurrill balates are too bad to sell:
Let good men rest, and mende thyself in time:
Confess in prose, thou hast not metred well:
Or if thy folly cannot choose but fayne,
Write ale-houfe toys, blaspheme not in thy vein."

§ "Imprentit at Sanctandris be Robert Lekpriuik, Anno Do. 1572."

(The massacre of St. Bartholomew;) "Ane Complaint upon Fortoun;"* "A famous dittie of the Joyful receaving of the Queen's moste excellent majestie, by the worthie Citizens of London, the 12th day of November, 1584, at her graces coming to Saint James;" "The first parte of the faire widow of Watling Street and her 3 daughters;" "The second part of the Widdow of Watling-streete and her three Daughters;"† The first and second parts of "The Marchants Daughter of Bristow;"‡ "A Ballad, Loe here the pearle," &c.||

"A Ditty delightful of mother Watkins ale
A warning well wayed, though counted a tale."

"As pleasant a dittie as your hart can wish,
Showing what unkindnes befel by a Kisse."§

And a ballad written by Richard Tarleton the

* "Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Leprewicke, dwelling at the Netherbow."

† The play of the same title (ascribed to Shakespeare) is taken from these two ballads.

‡ Mentioned in Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas," Act 3, Sc. 3, by the name of "Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter."

|| With a coloured portrait of Queen Elizabeth. Gifford says, "If it was a ballad of 'pure love,' or of 'good life' which afforded no scope for the graphic talents of the Grub Street Apelles, the portrait of 'good Queen Elizabeth,' magnificently adorned, with globe, and sceptre, formed no unwelcome substitute for her loving subjects."

§ Ben Jonson alludes to this ballad in his verses to Tom Coriat.

player and jester, and quoted by Malvolio in Twelfth Night, viz.—

“ A prettie new Ballad, intytuled,
The Crowe sits upon the wall,
Please one and please all.”

In summer days, “ when leaves were green,” Francis Douce the celebrated antiquary would often take a suburban trip to study these remarkable relics; two of which, “ *The Daunce and Song of Death*,” (of this he makes particular mention in his last edition of the “Dance of Death,”) and “ *The true discription of a marvellous straunge Fishe*,” that formed one of the multifarious items in the pack of Autolicus, were his especial favorites. To the writer, this “GARLAND” is a “pleasant posie.”* Ancient ballad-lore was his early and delightful study. And now

“ Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
Its infinite variety.”

* The ballads that compose this “Garland” were obtained from a *private* source; and never publicly sold.





THE BIRTHDAY.

IN a family dear to Uncle Timothy the custom of keeping particular days was duly observed. Christmas Day and New Year's Day, when an overflowing heart and a thankful spirit induce good cheer, were welcomed with all the honours. The Wedding Day was kept with tranquil joy, the guests being limited to a select few who had known the married pair in their prime, and who could bear witness that the only matrimonial contest between them had been which should love best. But the birthdays of their children were high days and holidays, leave being given them to invite their young friends to an entertainment never ostentatious, after the fashion of the vulgar rich, but bountiful and elegant. None of the visitors came empty-handed. Each brought a present suited to the sex and age of the recipient. Judicious God-fathers and God-mothers, and sedate Uncles and Aunts, were the bearers of pretty pic-

ture-books in pretty bindings, which, by awakening thought and stimulating inquiry, expanded the growing intellect, and made the road to knowledge a progressive and a pleasant one. So numerous had been the birthdays, and so various had been the presents in this happy household, that its nursery resembled a toyshop; but so even had been the race between acquisition and demolition, that I must in truth add, a toyshop in ruins. An incurable curiosity (infantine idiosyncrasy!) to find out what toys are made of, and to scrutinise them in detail, had pulled the baby-houses all to pieces; wrecked the Noah's Arks, and scattered their passengers; pryed into the concavity of every drum to discover whence came the sound; and transmogrified every doll, waxen and wooden, into a Torso! Emmeline, the eldest, quietest, and most Queen-like of four of as pretty little quivers as ever graced the conjugal bow, had completed her thirteenth year on this her birthday. She was the centre of a circle of happy faces and innocent hearts invited to wish her joy; and she did the honours very becomingly. Emmeline loved reading; a book therefore had been thought the most appropriate gift on the present occasion, and every book had been judiciously chosen, not only for the instruction that it afforded, but also for the delight. Emmeline was sweet-tempered, affectionate, and very susceptible. A little kindness dimmed her eye and won her heart, and her gentle heart was well worth the winning. The Gospel had taught her the value

of peace ; hence she was called “the little peace-maker.” The lark at “heaven’s gate” never sang more joyously than Emmeline on a bright summer morning, shaking the silver dew-drops from her flowers ; nor the nightingale, in the dark woodland, more plaintively than Emmeline giving glory to her Creator in the Evening Hymn ! If abroad she was courted and loved, how deep was the affection and how high were the hopes that she inspired at home !

But one long-expected visitor had yet to come ; and an anxious whisper ran round the family circle—
“Where *can* be Uncle Timothy ?”

The question was soon answered by his arrival. After a birthday congratulation to Emmeline, and a few fond wishes to her parents in her behalf, he produced his present. “What I have hitherto brought you, my young friend,” said he, placing his hand gently upon her head, “were toys for your infancy ; primers for your childhood ; then riddles, story-books, and fairy tales ; and latterly, lessons of serious import, both sacred and moral. It has been truly said that without books God would be silent. I now present you with the BOOK OF BOOKS. Parental and pious love has already instructed you in such of its Divine truths and doctrines as your tender age could bear.—But its holy inspirations, its deep and awful mysteries and miracles, before which the highest of human intelligences have humbly and reverently bowed, remain for the devout study and meditation of your riper years. Receive then the

BIBLE; and let me hope that, in turning over its sacred leaves, you will sometimes, in your prayers, remember the giver."

On a fly-leaf facing the title Uncle Timothy had inscribed the following lines, which Emmeline, at Mamma's request, read to the company :—

Book of Life! Salvation's charter!

Where, with hallow'd lips of fire,
Spake Apostle, Prophet, Martyr,
As the Spirit did inspire.

Guide the holiest, safest, surest,
To lost man, in mercy, given
To lead him in that path the purest,
The Pilgrim's path from earth to heaven.

From thee I learn how rose the sun,
And world on world from chaos rude;
How, when His wondrous work was done,
Jehovah's Self pronounced it "GOOD."

How beauty, order, grandeur, grace,
All centred in Creation's plan;
With Eden for the dwelling-place
Of that exalted Being—Man!

How from his high and happy state,
Alas! he fell; and by his fall
Brought Sin and Death, the woes that wait
On Disobedience, upon all.

How pity touch'd the Father's heart,
And sent from His celestial throne

His only Son to bear our smart,
For man's transgression to atone.

How earth was darken'd, mountains heaved,
And lightning flash'd, and thunder peal'd,
And trembling infidels believed,
As His great bond the Saviour seal'd.

And how supreme He reigns above,
With Glory's Diadem to crown
The Chosen of His dying love,
For whom He brought Redemption down.

Book of Life ! I learn from Thee
All that is meet for man to know,
That God is mercy, pardon free
To those who seek it here below.

It was now time for the young visitors to return home ; and with many graceful curtsies and bows they took leave. A few of the senior guests remained to talk about old tomes and old times, to them more precious than the honey of Hybla ! and among them, we may be sure, was Uncle Timothy.





ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.



N eminent artist, a facetious companion, and a kindly man has just passed away, Robert Cruikshank, brother of the more celebrated George.* As an old acquaintance whom I esteemed, I pay him this brief tribute of admiration and regret.

A portion of his early life was spent at sea, and he was wont to recall those happy days, when he proudly walked the quarter-deck in the uniform of his sovereign; eager, in his exuberant pugnacity, to fight the battles of his country. But he was born to be an artist. His father was one of considerable reputation, and his brother was steadily earning the fame that he has since so meritoriously won. For many years he illustrated the comic publications, good and bad, of his day. He was well versed in the *Lexicon Balatronicum*. "Life in London," and such like gallimaufries of buffoonery owe their

* He died, after a short illness, of bronchitis, on the 13th of March, 1856, in the 66th year of his age.

attractions to his eccentric genius. These low humours of the boozing-cribs he sarcastically and sorrowfully called his "pot-boilers," to provide for the day that was passing. His pencil-drawings on wood for "Cumberland's British and Minor Theatre," though sometimes marred in the cutting, are exceedingly characteristic and graceful. For this employment he was well qualified, from his familiarity with the stage before and behind the curtain. It is, however, in his water-colour drawings that he made for private patrons, that his genius is advantageously seen. He was apt to conceive, and prompt to execute. He had a quick eye and a ready hand for absurdities and burlesque. His humour was after the Tam O'Shanter fashion, unearthly, riotous, and rollicking. It is lucky for art that he died not prematurely, like Zeuxis, of a laughing fit provoked by his phantasmagoria of odd faces, which was equal to Joe Munden's, that master-mimic of the grotesque! He is a pictorial alchemist, extracting from the most unlikely elements matter for merriment. The very stones in the street look up and laugh at you. With all his extravagant drollery, his drawing is anatomically correct, his details are minute, expressive, and of careful finish, and his colouring is bright and delicate. The best efforts of Gilray and Rowlandson may hardly compare with them. Of these choice specimens there are, unhappily, but few. He could afford neither time nor study to produce them unless a patron came

forth, and then their production was his especial delight. He had his vicissitudes of fortune. His lights and shadows. He was not what dulness would call "a regular man." "I never," said Sir Walter Scott to Leslie the painter, "knew a man of genius, and I have known many, who could be regular in all his habits, but I have known many a blockhead who could." But this will I say of Robert Cruikshank, that whether too powerfully refreshed after exhilarating a convivial party with his harmless pleasantries; whether the hospitable Amphytrion of an expensive household, or the poverty-pinched tenant of an humble lodging, he never for one moment forgot that he belonged to a profession that required he should be a gentleman. He was tolerably well read, and agreeably communicative. Somewhat in the "Cambyfes" vein, when (in *Stock-Exchange* parlance) "*three-quarters, seven-eighths*" in whisky toddy. Among the amusements of his limited leisure was archery. He was an expert toxophilite, and might have drawn a bow with Robin Hood.

His brother George he always mentioned with affectionate admiration. Though a fluent talker, he was a taciturn correspondent. He communicated his wishes in quaint hieroglyphics which spoke as plainly as round-hand. His fun would ooze from the inside to the outside of his letter, in the shape of a comical device suggested by his whimsical fancy; to the no small amusement of the penny-

postman, who accompanied its delivery with his broadest grin !

A few months ago he paid me one of his accustomed visits. He was then in good health and spirits. After a look at the odd contents of his travelling portfolio, and some pleasant talk, we parted, as we had always done, in cordiality and good humour. . . . *Vale !*





MAY-DAY.



THE merry month of May, with its open and bright horizon, was looked forward to with peculiar pleasure by Uncle Timothy. The celebration of its advent he regarded as one of the poetical institutions of his country, and he was up and ready on a First of May fine morning to welcome its white hedge-flowers, to gather the sparkling May-dew, to listen (in imagination !) to the milkmaid's song, and to dance round the (visionary !) May-pole, gaily garlanded, with Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian ! He would recite from Lovibond's beautiful "Tears of Old May-Day," her lament that a younger rival, April,

"The sickly daughter of the unripen'd year,"

had claimed her choral dances, her victorious games, and her triumphal songs, and revel in the wizard rhyme of Spencer, Milton, Browne, and Herrick in honour of May.

A recent May-Day with Uncle Timothy once more introduced us to the "clergy-imps, whose pulpits are the chimney-tops!" with their grotesque jigs, rough music, and gilt-paper cocked hats! "The town is arid and hot," said he. "I feel the oppressive solitude of this busy Babylon, and long to exchange its scorching, hard pavement for the cool, soft greenward; and its creaking music (from the *cranes* above!) for the blackbird's song. It is no place wherein to welcome the return of flowery May."

A pleasant ride brought us to a primrose bank, at the edge of which rippled a clear stream shaded by weeping willows, and close to that spot where, in the olden time, PISCATOR so sweetly moralized. "Study to be Quiet" was the chosen theme of Uncle Timothy, and the moments imperceptibly glided away as he illustrated that wise precept in all its charming varieties; while Truth, immutable as the fixed stars, sealed every sentence.

A grand and beautiful sunset, suffusing the whole region of the empyrean with tints graduated from the most exquisitely-shaded hues of rose, violet, and pearly grey, to the vivid and positive colours of the prism, shed its glories on the lovely landscape; and the nightingale called to mind the impassioned words of our piscatorial apostle, Izaak Walton, "Lord! what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music upon earth?" Nor was Milton's

“Sweet bird that shunn’st the noise of folly,”
nor Shaw’s pathetic “Evening Address,” forgotten.
“All is silence,” said Uncle Timothy; “for the
nightingale has made a pause. Let then the ‘words
of Mercury’ fill up this unmusical interval—An
inspiration that came with this morning’s sun.”
And he repeated his

MAY-DAY OFFERING.

When, by Religion’s sacred light
Creation opens to my sight,
Methinks, surveying all around,
I tread upon enchanted ground.

For, view’d by her celestial beam,
The heavens more grand and glorious seem;
And, borrowing beauty from above,
Earth looks more fair, and full of love.

The feather’d songsters, as they rise,
More joyfully salute the skies;
The woodland-stream’s meandering flow
With sweeter music murmurs low.

A holier calm pervades the deep,
Its rippling waves in sunshine sleep;
And in the distance sea and sky
In blended beauty melt and die.

Responsive to some inward voice,
All Nature seems to cry, “Rejoice!”

And some divinity to bring
New life to every living thing!

The everlasting mountains more
Majestically seem to soar,—
The rugged rocks, sublimely stern,
With haughtier brow the waves to spurn.

And now upon the landscape fall
Night's fable shadows, like a pall;
And moon and stars new awe inspire
Lit by that flame of heavenly fire!

Frail man! for whom these wonders are;
(Thyself more wondrous! fallen star!)
What canst thou do?—Nor less, nor more,
In dust and ashes, but adore.

Many a happy day I have spent with Uncle
Timothy, but never a happier one than this.





A BOOK OF FOOLS.



THE recent sale of a curious library collected during the reign of King James I. had enabled Uncle Timothy to enrich his book-cabinet with an unique quarto bearing the following title:—

“FOOLE UPON FOOLE, OR SIXE SORTES OF SOTTES.

A flat Foole, and a fatt Foole; a leane Foole, and a cleane Foole; a merry Foole, and a verrie Foole. Shewing their lives, humours, and behaviour, with their want of witte in the shew of wisdome. Not so strange as true.

Omnia sunt sex.

Clonnico del mondo Snuffe.

London. Printed for William Ferbrand, dwelling in Pope's-head-allie, neare the Royall Exchange. 1605.”

“And now, my friends,” said Uncle Timothy to a select party of bibliomaniacs who had assembled in his *sanctum sanctorum* to hear him give a brief

description of its contents, "let me first propose bumpers round to the memory of Robert Armin,* its undoubted author; his '*Nest of Ninnies*,' published a few years after, and the present work, being all but identical." The memory having been honoured in prime port not *quite* so old as the curiosity in question, Uncle Timothy proceeded with his task.

"This very singular and rare Jest Book shews 'How *Jacke Oates*, the flat Foole (the retainer of one Sir William Hollis of Boston, Lincolnshire) hit a noble-man a boxe on the eare,' and 'How a Minstrell became a Foole artificall, and had *Jacke Oates* for his labour.'

"This was at Christmas-tide, 'when great logs furnish the Hall fire, when Brawne is in season, and indeede all Revelling is regarded—when Beefe, Beere, and Bread was no niggard, when all pleasures presided with a noyse of Minstrelles, and a Lincolnshire Bagpipe was prepared. The Mynstrelles for the great chamber, the Bagpipe for the Hall. The

* Robert Armin was originally an apprentice to a goldsmith in Lombard-street. How he became a player is recorded in "*Tarleton's Jests*," printed in 1611. He performed in the "*Alchemist*" in 1610; and was living in 1611. From the verses addressed to him by John Davies of Hereford, it would appear that he occasionally played the part of the Clown. He wrote the comedy of the "*History of the two Maids of More-clake*" (in the printed copy of which his portrait is on the title-page dressed as "*John of the Hospital*"), "*The Italian Taylor and his Boy*," and "*A Nest of Ninnies*."

Mynstrelles to serve up the Knights meate, and the Bagpipe for the common dauncing.'

" 'How *Jacke Oates* eate up a Quince Pye, being of choyce provided for Sir William.' Jacke could 'never abide the Cooke, by reason that he would scald him out of the kitchen.'

" Of *Femy Camber*, the Caledonian Adonis, and the 'Fat Foole Naturall,' we have the following description. Born and brought up at Stirling, 'Two yards and a Nayle in compasse; forty yeares old; small head; long hayre; one eare far bigger than the other; forehead full; his eyes shined like a flame; his nose flat; his beard small and square; his lips but little, and his wit lesse, But wide of mouth, few teeth, I must confesse.'

" 'His middle thicke, as I have said before,
Indifferent thighes and knees, but very shorte:
His legges be square, a foot long, and no more,
Whose very presence made the King much sport—
And a pearle Spooone he still wore in his cap,
To eate his meate he lov'd, and got by hap'

" 'How *Femy Camber*, this Fat Foole gave his chayne of Gold from his necke to warrant his life'—and how he gave 'a fine Frenche Crowne for a Sallet (salad), of an atchison price, which in our money (Scotch) was three farthings.'

" How he 'swet almost to death, and never knew the reason.' This merry jest occurred 'Betweene Edenborough Abbey the King's place and

Leith, on an even plaine greene Meddowe, in which the King used most of his sports.' His Majesty enjoying the frolic. And how he ran with the King's best Foot-man for a wager 'from the Abbey by the hill to Cannegate, and being swift of foote, won it.'

"How he was stung with nettles, and how after, 'unknowne to himselfe, he helped to make his own grave.'

"This jest (his final one) was carried on between the daughter of the Town-Laundress, and *Jemy Camber*. 'Our fat Foole fills a leane grave, upon which the King caused a stone of marble to be put up, on which the Poets did write these lines in remembrance of him to this day.

" 'He that gard all men till jeare,
Jemy a Camber he ligges here;
 Pray for his Soule, for he is gaene,
 And here a ligges beneath this steane.'

"We next come to *Leonard*, the 'leaner Fool,' ('the pet of a kinde Gentleman in the merry forest of Sherwood'—A huge gormandiser who, ever eating, yet still hungry, devoured 'his Maister's Hawke, and was almost choked with the fethers.')—To *Jack Miller* the 'cleane Foole,' (renowned for chanting his popular song of '*Derries faire*,' and for out-frolicking '*Grumball* the clowne;')—To *Will Summers*, the 'merry Foole,' (whose quick sayings, antics, and grimaces shook the fat flitches of bluff King Harry with laughter.)—And lastly to

John of the Hospital, the ‘verrie Foole,’ who was a leader of the blind, a ‘foltred fatherless child’ in Christ’s Hospital, a peripatetic preacher and a singer of psalms! In ‘*The History of the two Maids of More-clake*, 1609,’ *John* is introduced as the clown, for the sole purpose, after the fashion of those days, to make mirth for the groundlings.

“Of the ancient Court Fools, *Will Summers*, *Dick Tarleton*, and *Archee Armstrong* were by far the most famous. Kings and Cardinals; Bishops and Courtiers, escaped not their satirical quips. It is true that in some cases Fools have been whipped for their waggeries. But these were unprivileged drolls, base counterfeits, and ribalds, who haunted the cellars and hung about the butteries of the nobility and gentry, and whose toleration depended on their good behaviour. A hole in their manners was soon mended by the scourge.

“The following is a curious and characteristic portrait of the ‘Uncle’ of *Will Summers* whom that highly favoured Court Jester introduced to his Master, King Henry VIII. in order to procure him a pension of ‘twentie pound a yere.’—‘A plaine olde man of three score yeres, with a buttoned cap, a buckram falling band, coarse, but cleane; a rufflet coat, a white belt of horse-hide, a close round of ruffett sheep’s wool with a long stocke of white kersey, a high shoe with yellow buckles all white with dust.’

“*Stultorum plena sunt omnis.* There is Solomon’s Fool, who despises wisdom—St. Gregory’s

busy Fool, who meddles with other men's matters, and neglects his own—Seneca's Fool, who always is, even in old age, beginning to live—the rich Fool of Socrates, a 'golden slave!'—the servile Fool of Dionysius, haughty to the poor, and humble to the proud—the Fool of Pachimerus, who turns serious things into jest, and is solemn over trifles and toys—and the Fool of Crates, who, in prosperity is drunk, and in adversity mad. There is the Fool who affects to despise what he wants the wit to appreciate—the Fool who fancies that he knows everything, and yet knows nothing—Dean Swift's love-sick 'couple of' Fools: ('Two or three balls and two or three treats!')—Fortune's Fool—and, though last, not least, the Fool *before you* who has given *Twenty-five pounds, ten shillings* sterling for this *bizarre brochure*, and verified the old proverb, 'a Fool and his money are soon parted.'"

"This last list of Fools belongs to Fools 'natural,' whose heads are to be let 'unfurnished.' The Court Fool is the Fool 'artificial,' who wears not Motley in his brains—a 'material' Fool of 'infinite jest,' with a dash of the quaint humour of *Touchstone*, and the arch knavery of *Autolycus*."

With this chapter of Fools, past and present, closed an agreeable evening.



TRUTH AND ERROR.

AN EPISTLE TO EUGENIO.



HERE is no time for preparing for heaven like the time of youth. I rejoice therefore, Eugenio, that your long and dangerous sickness has induced the solemn reflection,

“Sure, ’tis a serious thing, my soul, to die.”

For it had better come in the morning of life, when the heart, open and ingenuous, receives its tenderest and most lasting impressions, than at a later season, when seductive temptations and sordid cares, those “vultures of the mind, cry aloof to the monitor; or in apathetic old age, absorbed in selfishness, and clinging tremblingly to its hoarded treasure and to time.” “The days of human life,” says the excellent Mrs. Montague, “that are passed without sorrow and without sin are neither to be lamented when passing, nor regretted when passed.” Yet their too swift flight mingles many a pang with

their enjoyment, and, in after years, when the hard lineaments of life are sternly developed, we never remember them without a sigh. In the gloss of youth, unaffailed by adversity, unembittered by disappointment, without waiting for the disenchanting effects of sad experience, or the deep solemnities of a death-bed to teach you the vanity and nothingness of this sin-stricken and sorrowful world, you have wisely made your choice. You have turned from its shadowy Christianity, external and mechanical! its delusive dreams of happiness, its visionary joys, its low desires, its modern logic of expediency, and its evanescent applause, to realize substantial good. From its dangerous speculations, its duplex worship of God and Mammon, and its baseless theories, to learn lessons from regions beyond the stars. Two Books of Divine Knowledge lie open for your study:—the Book of God, to be the inspirer of your faith, the light of your path, the fountain of your hope, and the rock of your salvation;—the Book of Nature, to charm, elevate, and sanctify your solitude. We can arrive at Christianity by all roads, because Christianity is the centre of all truth. A superficial philosophy (the dreadful tranquillity of the sceptic!) may seduce a man from religion, but a profound one shall lead him back to it. Reason, God's precious gift! cannot dethrone its Maker. Unlike Socrates, who, with all his wisdom, confined himself to a city, and

boasted that he found no instruction in stones and in trees (the Sophists only he held worthy of his study), you will retire to the flower-garden, the mountain-stream, and the sweet, mute loneliness of the woodland, with the 19th and the 107th Psalms, which particularly relate to the beauty of the natural world, for your meditation. The cedar, the fir, and the myrtle are scripturally symbolical. What sacred associations belong to the vine, the olive, the lily, and the rose! "The Rock of Ages," "The Fountain of Living Waters," the "Sun of Righteousness," the "Holy Hill of Zion," and the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" derive their beautiful illustrations from beautiful nature! The innocence of the lamb and the gentleness of the dove have been divinely typified. The clear and winding river ("*prior electro!*") will lead you to reflect on the course of time; and the vast ocean into which it flows, calm, silent, and magnificent! on the deep and hidden mysteries of eternity. In the solemn stillness of a summer's twilight you will be reminded of the sabbath of the tomb. In the setting sun you will behold an emblem of the immortal spirit passing away to its rest in sublime and tranquil beauty, and in the rising, of its glorious ascent to heaven on the morning of the resurrection. As you advance in years, you will (as far as man's imperfect power of insight may permit) advance in knowledge, in the spirit of wisdom and in the spirit of love; realizing the

remark of the Grecian sage,* “the older I grow, the more I learn.” To be “so far from eminency as to be a little above contempt,” will be no discouragement in your early intellectual path. “The most generous wines,” says Fuller, “are the most muddy before they are fine.” Aristotle fixed the 49th year of man’s life as the acme of the human faculties. The talisman of knowledge, the treasure-house of science must be won—not by youth’s “sowing its wild oats,” that sterile agriculture!—but by scorning “delights;” and living “laborious days.”

The Immortality of the Soul was a mystery to the ancient people of Greece and Rome.† For though Plato (who only needed to be a Christian, to be an Apostle), Aristotle, Cicero, and their white-robed disputants were vouchsafed some partial glimpses of that sublime truth; the air-drawn logic of the schools (“*Carpe diem*”) was Epicurism—pleasure, not pain; self-enjoyment, not self-denial—and those were held to be the greatest philosophers who had learned to believe the least. Religion was the prurient fables of pagan mythology, and its rites

* Solon.

† That the “sacred chickens would not eat,” was reason enough with a Roman Augur to command the putting off of a naval battle; and when the Consul flung them, coop and all, into the sea, bidding them “drink then!” his disasters were attributed to his shocking impiety.

and ceremonies were the pompous puerilities of the Pantheon. The chief ambition of man was, as a good citizen, to serve the state efficiently; or, as a valiant soldier, to die in the battle-field for his country. Hence those conquerors to whom an ovation was decreed when living, or a statue when dead, may be justly denounced as the destroyers of the human race. On that dark day of heathen superstition first dawned Christianity, and forth came that august and Divine utterance, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace and good-will towards men." Great was the glory of Moses' dispensation, far greater was that of the Gospel. Foretold by ancient prophecy, attested by a cloud of witnesses, confirmed by miracles, consummated by dread convulsions that shook earth and heaven, and crowned with its intense mercy, it commanded the ready belief and the grateful acceptance of man. As a code of morals, it was grand and comprehensive. With Christian doctrine it blended Holiness of life, and Faith with Works. (Let no man therefore dare to dissociate what God has joined!) There was no duty that it did not strictly enforce, no virtue that it did not solemnly approve, no sin that it did not sternly condemn. Its law was that of grace, and obedience unto righteousness. It required only reasonable service. It asked no ceremonies but thanksgiving and prayer; no sacrifice but a broken and a contrite heart. But this plain and simple sys-

tem of theology and ethics* found no favour with he sophist; for it more particularly addressed itself to the ignorant, to the "poor and heavy-laden," whom he, in his learned pride and intellectual superiority, despised and shunned. Yet its sublimity, pathos, and poetic beauty; its nobility of sentiment, its pure and holy thoughts, and its grand and jubilant victory over death and the grave, utterly confounded him; as they left nothing for his casuistry to mystify, his criticism to carp at, or his eloquence to adorn. The self-complacent, gilded Sybarite was startled at an alarum that roused his benumbed soul from its superincumbent materialism, its luxurious day-dream; and those lame and limited natures (the hogs of Epicurus!), the idolatrous, giddy multitude, passionately devoted to their Isthmian and Olympic games and gladiatorial displays, mocked and rebelled against a warning voice that denounced their false gods, and proclaimed the only true one. But that warning voice which had resounded in the synagogues of Galilee, in the Temple at Jerusalem, in the highways, and in the wilderness, was not to be silenced. It still whispered the "glad tidings" in the porch, the market-place, and the grove; and though fierce and unrelenting was the persecution that fell upon the first Christians; their courage and

* "The Gospel contains so perfect a body of ethics, that reason may be excused from the inquiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in revelation than in herself."—
LOCKE.

constancy under the most refined tortures, and their triumphant Hallelujahs when, in the shadow of the Saviour's Cross they beheld the Martyr's Crown, appalled unbelief, and brought many disciples to follow in their footsteps, to endure their sufferings, and to hope for their reward. Had frigid philosophy been the theme of St. Paul, instead of the Resurrection and a Judgement to come, would Felix have trembled? What smote the proud heart of King Agrippa, and half converted him to Christianity, but the Heavenly Voice and Vision that arrested the Apostle in his persecution of the Most High? It was some grander inspiration than human learning, though adorned with magnificent and lofty imagery and language, that made the "most noble Festus" pronounce him mad. Physically weak and constitutionally timid, his sufficiency was of God. In the Promises of His Word, and in the Consolations of His Spirit. The inward assurance was the echo of the outward revelation. His belief rose into admiration, and culminated in love. He had the signs of the Divine Spirit with the counterpart of the Divine Image.

How affecting and solemn is the Saviour's interview with His Apostles immediately before His Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. That Agony, if possible, a greater trial than the Cross! Conscious of His approaching sufferings, He ordained that Holy Communion which unites regenerate man to his reconciled God. He consoled them for the

loss they were about to sustain, with the Promise that the end for which He came into this world was on the eve of its accomplishment; and that, after fulfilling every prophecy which had been made concerning Him, He would, in His own incomprehensible essence, in His unseen Pavilion, enthroned in cloud, and encircled with fire, appear on the right hand of the Majesty of Heaven, and receive them in His Bosom! And how touching is the Evangelist's description of Peter's compunctious sorrow when, rising from the grave of his apostacy, he "called to mind the Word that Jesus said unto him." "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart," was the bitter and silent language of his every tear! The most illustrious examples in Sacred Writ of the Penitent's return to God, is that of David, in the Old Testament; and that of Peter in the New.

Modern sceptics, though they do not, like the Sadducees, openly deny the Resurrection; or, like King Jehoiakim, cut to pieces and burn the sacred Roll of God's Word, nevertheless, with more than subtle Iscariotism, pervert and dishonour it, by raising irreverent questions, and originating profane doubts as to the historical veracity, the recorded miracles,* and the plenary inspiration of its eternal

* Grotius says of those unbelievers in the Miracles of Christianity, that to suppose its long continuance and wide-spread accomplished by other means, is to suppose a greater miracle than all. And Sophocles opens a Chorus in one of his dramas with, "Nothing in Nature is more wonderful than Man."

pages. Cold, calculating sceptics, who would put God Almighty's World in order, whose historical knowledge is on a par with their logic, and whose learning lies in as little room as their honesty, they attempt to disprove facts by argument, and oppose the authority of unenlightened reason to Christian doctrine. The pure fruits of a pure faith they, like the Judaizers banded against St. Paul, seek to destroy; and what do they substitute? Absurd myths and foolish fables; perplexing the understanding, not enlightening it. They uproot the Rose of Sharon from the Garden of the Lord, and plant in its stead the poisonous Upas, and the deadly Nightshade. To most men daylight is sufficient evidence that the sun is rising, or risen. But these Ideological misinterpreters of Scripture, who adopt Peter's apostacy, but not his repentance, would have further proof even if the rays were vertical. Upon how many fools' errands does vanity send its votaries seeking to be wise "beyond that which is written," and to formulate into knowledge that which we do not know. It was the feeble endeavour of La Place and his fellow-worshippers* of that Pagan Idol, Fate,† to

* "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know." Lady Caroline Lamb's entry in her Diary after her first interview with Lord Byron.

† "A special Providence I see
My being ever rul'd, and rules —
Chance, Fortune, Fate, how false are ye!
The trusted Trinity of fools."

UNCLE TIMOTHY.

account for crime by the immutable law of averages. Socrates might well say that philosophers are but a sober sort of madmen. Could not He who established the laws of Nature, suspend them as it seemed good to Him? Who ordained future events, foretell them by His prophets? And could not the Giver of all intellectual powers have endowed His servants with the extraordinary inspiration of Divine knowledge to be the exponent of His Revelation to mankind? The story of the confession of the Apostle Thomas sets these doubts at rest.

That hypocrites have professed the Christian doctrine is no argument against Christianity. Has not virtue its base counterfeit in vice? The Beauty of Holiness, though seldom, in its spiritual sense, appreciated by the world, is, in its visible form, admired and emulated. Hence Christianity has its simulators, who thus pay it involuntary homage.

“ In the Battle of Life how seldom is victory on the side of virtue! If the distribution of good and evil had been left to blind chance, it could hardly have committed graver errors than the special Providence, upon which you Believers so religiously rely.” This is one of the many arguments in which the sceptic entrenches himself when he aims his envenomed but pointless darts at the Omnipotent. It requires the strongest efforts of faith, and the firmest reliance on a wisdom far above our own, to reconcile these dispensations of Providence with Christian belief. But are they not intended to

teach us the vanity of self-reliance; to show us how we may turn necessity into virtue, and put evil to good use, and to bear witness to the efficacy of trial and of trust, of patience and of prayer? Saul sinking in the mire, and sinking on the rock, and David meeting the early morn downcast and dispirited, wearing out the weary day in bitterness and self-reproach, yet prolonging his jubilant songs far into the watches of the night, shall answer these questions. In the midst of her abandonment and sorrow, the innocent victim of suspicion and shame, the homeless Mother of the Redeemer hymned forth her glorious Magnificat, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

"We measure the goodness of God," says Selden, "from ourselves; we measure His goodness, His justice, His wisdom by something we call just, good, or wise ourselves." And the acute and lively Fontenelle remarks, that if God made man in His own Image, Man, in return, has made God in his. "Who," says Sir Thomas Browne, "would not sooner be saved without a name, than lost with one?" What a fine remark is that of Dr. Arbuthnot, as to God's contempt for riches, by His bestowing them on the most unworthy of His creatures. That the spirit of all Holiness and Wisdom is continually present to guide, counsel, and guard the believer in every difficulty and in every danger is one among the many great mysteries of Christianity which to realize, is only to have a settled conviction

of its truth. "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons." This may well lead the mourner from the probationary present to the hopeful future, softened and comforted, "singing unto Zion."

"But man," says philosophical necessity, "is the mere creature of circumstances. The slave of his passions, be they good or evil." To those who believe in the modern French doctrine, "*La Propriété c'est le vol*;" who, like Cowper's bed-side robber, find it "inconvenient to be poor;" and who, with savage selfishness, never leave a desire, lawful or otherwise, ungratified; this doubtless is a comfortable creed. Without religion, man, in some degree, may be the creature of circumstances. But religion is above circumstances. It frees us from the slavery of sin, the hardest of all task-masters.

"How comes it that Divine justice should give impunity to the wicked?" whispers the Tempter. "That the 'hanging wall' should more frequently fall on the innocent head than on the guilty one? Did the murderers of the Holy Martyrs; the persecutors of Phocion, Socrates, Cicero, and Boëthius pay the penalty of their crimes? How fared it with the slayers of Sir Thomas More and the gallant Raleigh?* Did they not live long lives of luxury,

* "A Declaration of the Demeanor and Carriage of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, as well in his voyage, as in, and fithence his return." 4to. Lond. 1618. A lame apology written by, or under the especial direction of King James I. for putting Raleigh to death.

and die right royally on beds of down?" These questions—the random impertinence of a rotten philosophy—will be answered in a better world, when faith shall receive her consummation and her crown.

To humble the pride of human wisdom and confound the arrogance of the Scribes and Pharisees, the Saviour chose His Apostles from unlearned men. St. Matthew was a Publican, and St. Peter, St. James, and St. John were Fishermen. But these Apostles were only simple followers of Christ. They were neither teachers nor preachers. It was not until their Divine Master had ascended into heaven, and after the Great Day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit had been poured upon them, that they were enabled, by the gift of tongues, to preach the Gospel in all lands and to all nations, and, by a miraculous influence imparted to them, to evangelize the world. This choice is the staple argument of drolling and illiterate teachers who pretend, by the like election and inspiration, to be the earthen vessels in which the treasure of Gospel Truth is deposited; but who are proofs positive that the Author of Christianity has not, in *their* persons, repeated the experiment. The vulgar jargon and gymnastic attitudes of these pretenders are triumphs to the infidel, who rejoices to find Scripture travestied to be the secret of their popularity, and the pulpit preferred to the playhouse, and the Seventh day to the other six, for a laugh. Though

the time is happily past “when religion,” as Jeremy Taylor says, “was painted upon banners, and carted about as a show.” Though, on the authority of the learned and pious Chief Justice Hale, “it is part of the Common Law of England,” the “*lex non scripta* ;” it would seem (so elastic has become *that* part of the law) that its doctrines may be perverted and its language profaned with impunity by Low Church and by No Church. The profound learning and high attainments of St. Paul were no bar to his humility, but the spell of a singular enchantment, giving force and luminous clearness to his arguments, precision and grace to his language, aptness to his similitudes, and spirit to his prophecy. Compare his 15th Chapter of the 1st Book of Corinthians—that earnest of the heaven to which we hope one day to be called—with his confession, “For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not that I do;” and say which is the most wonderful—The intellectual grandeur of the God-inspired Apostle, or the self-condemnation of the weak and irresolute sinner? What description of hearers would he have had in the present day among the patrons of religious imposture? Such as crowded the Hill of Mars, the Market-place at Athens, and the Theatre at Ephesus!

Nature has formed you for studious leisure and the peaceful shade. Your desire has been ~~not~~ to be rich, but to be happy. Not to sacrifice one precious

half of your life for the questionable enjoyment of the other. Yet you must not turn recluse, giving way to romantic and fantastic indolence; for though occasional solitude (a hallowed melancholy!) is as necessary to the mind, as "gentle sleep, nature's soft nurse!" is to the body, to enable us to run "our great career of justice" with renewed spirit and activity; society is a safeguard against many temptations. The Evil Spirit, too mighty and too merciless to be trifled with, is never more busy and potent than when he finds us moody, discontented,* listless, and alone. If his aspect as the cunning serpent, than as the roaring lion, be less terrible; it is not the less dangerous. "A fig for your bill of fare! Show me your bill of company!" said Swift to the Earl of Oxford. It is however too much to require that the company should at all times be intellectual; for though "talking is not always to converse;" even mere talking, provided there be no offence in it, is better than unsocial taciturnity. Society rubs off many rough angles, repulsive to others, and awkward to ourselves, that might be taken for eccentricity; and eccentricity I pray you avoid. Cato walking to the Capitol in his clouted shoes, and Socrates in his blanket descending from his garret to dip his bald head in the town trough, are their least attractive characteristics. Of all unlovely cha-

* The Sophist Possidonium denied that life was an evil at the very time he was enduring all the torments of the gout.

ractions emulate not the negative one. That lazy lotus-eater! that incarnation of selfishness and indifference! without a purpose, or a sympathy. Neither let false pride that cannot stoop to be subordinate, nor overstrained humility that would be the "grave of its deservings," keep you aloof from the calm, pure light of honest fame. Man's work is never over till he dies. It may be heavier in the meridian of life; but, though less toilsome, it will be sweetly useful in the decline. There may be many reasons why we cannot be great; but there are none why we cannot be good. Noble without nobility. Obscurity and a narrow fortune are no bar to philanthropy. The "lantern on the pole"* to be seen of all men will not eclipse the modest light which shines where the darkness is deepest. That light will not be without a witness. To penetrate the subterraneous windings and yawning gulfs of ignorance; to break the black chain that binds fast to crime the young Arabs of the streets and the young Pariahs of the fields; and humanize their dark and vacant minds; to clothe with decency and make vocal with prayer the abodes of blasphemous ribaldry; to reform hardened natures seemingly dead to remorse†—wholly condemned to despair—or doggedly reconciled to disgrace, (the last, worst state of the

* A Chinese proverb for ostentatious charity.

† Justice has been described by the Latin Poet as "limping after the run-away miscreant." Providence has set up racks and gibbets in the consciences of transgressors.

lot!) and form a new life from the ruins of the past, is surely no mean victory. Who that has once with a heart purified by penitence returned to virtue, would abandon her a second time? * For this spiritual warfare what are the weapons required? The practical example of a Christian life, earnest remonstrance, passionate entreaty, hopeful promises, patience, and brotherly love. The voice of heaven being heard in the monitor! and making the upward path to virtue as easy as its steepness will permit. St. Austin says that he who repents is almost innocent.

A liberal education, excellent natural abilities, a moderate competence, and a noble sincerity are happily yours. What, then, are the honours, EUGENIO, to which you may not aspire? With light and help from above, you may become a public benefactor, the charm of intellectual society, and the exemplar of a Christian gentleman† whose life, in opposing wrong and in resisting sin, has been a well-spent and a pleasant pilgrimage. To you the “SERIOUS THING,” the mighty arch of death which spans all human existence will be no disquieting, no unwelcome thought, for with it will be associated the glo-

* “Virtue,” says Rousseau, “continues for some time to torment those who abandon her.”

† “Quare si in operibus tuis sudabimus facies nos visiones tuæ et Sabbati tui participes.” The great philosopher’s final prayer, which may be thus translated:—“The vision of perfect knowledge, and the Sabbath of labour not in vain.”

ries awaiting the resurrection of the body arrayed in the resplendent robes of immortality. The sunset of life will be in harmony with its dawn and its meridian. Ennobled by age, you will have learnt lessons of experience in the eloquence of quiet wisdom, and have realized all the happiness that can be derived from Gospel truth, philosophical beauty, and Christian repose.* “Blessed is the youth,” says the ancient sage, “who can look forward to the days of old age without fear, and blessed is the old man who can look back on the days of his youth without regret.”

These desultory thoughts arose while sitting in that vine-trellised arbour where you and I have so often contemplated the “spangled heavens;” rapt with the celestial music of Addison’s glorious hymn! Receive them as materials for thinking (to no higher object do they pretend), and receive also the following that closed my evening’s meditation.

I know in whom I have believed,
 To whom my faith was given;
 Who sinner never yet deceived
 That put his trust in heaven.

He shed upon my infant day
 The beauteous dawn of truth,

* “There are three crowns,” says the Talmud, “the crown of the law, the crown of the priesthood, and the crown of royalty; but the crown of a good name is superior to them all.”

Illumined with a brighter ray
The advent of my youth.

And when in manhood's path I trod,
In full meridian shone
The Word of Truth—the Word of God,
To light me to His throne !

With many winters on my brow,
That living Lamp Divine
Did never brighter shine than now
Within this heart of mine.

Lamp ! to the last thy temple keep,
Let nothing dim thy ray,
Till I in Jesus fall asleep,
To meet the Judgment Day.

UNCLE TIMOTHY.





FAREWELL!



O word that I can remember is more intensely touching, more permanently impressive, or more dearly cherished than "Farewell!" whether it be faltered by a friend leaving his happy English home for a far-distant foreign land, and whom we hardly dare hope ever to see again, or faintly whispered by pale and trembling lips upon which death is about to set his cold seal for ever. The warfare of the world cannot banish the fond remembrance, nor its harsh din hush the mournful music of "Farewell!" It is however in solitude, a school few care to learn in, though none instructs better, when passionate regret is chastened and mellowed into sweet resignation and pious hope, that it vibrates in our ear with more irresistible tenderness, and enables us vividly to recall the sorrowful scene that it hallowed and closed.* To superficial observers many

* "The greatest of all woes is to remember our happy days in misery."—DANTE.

years of intellectual and social enjoyment seemed in store for Uncle Timothy. Life's autumn, and winter. Fruition, and repose. But to me—for I had not only regarded him with thoughtful reverence, but watched him with painful solicitude, and knew the rare refinement and delicacy of his intellectual and physical organization—premonitory symptoms too surely indicated that his strength was rapidly declining, and that the heart-tremors to which he had become subject might suddenly dismiss him to that darkness behind the veil to which, by his own confession, he was not unwilling to retreat. What secret sorrow weighed upon him? Had his ideal picturings of life been doomed to disappointment? would be the anxious inquiry of many who, judging from his wit and cheerfulness, had pronounced him one of the happiest of men. But Mirth and Melancholy are kin. Not Melancholy

“Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,”

but “sage and holy;” that makes solitude her cloister. The heart's restorative that braces while it melts it.

Though aware of his danger, his temperate enjoyment of society (the true appreciation of the *diffidere in loco*) suffered no diminution. For his spirit was cast in an heroic mould, and fear, that lowest instinct of life, he knew not. His heart was as firm as the rock, and as soft as the moss that covers

it. But every fresh attack left him still weaker than before, and as, after a recent and very severe one, he expressed a desire to see me, I hastened to him accordingly.

The paroxysm had subsided, and he was walking in his garden,* which a transparent firmament, delicious rain, and genial sunshine, had made bright, fresh, and fragrant. On a table in his summer-house lay the New Testament, open at Christ's Sermon on the Mount. After a few turns among his flower-beds, we retired to his library. "I have sent for you," he said, with an emotion that enforced a momentary pause, "to communicate a wish that I doubt not your friendship for me will fulfil. In yonder cabinet will one day be found a document disposing of my moderate worldly possessions, and in its brief contents my friends will find that I have not forgotten them. But in this casket burns the flickering flame of an expiring lamp that has lighted my probationary path through life's long pilgrimage. Much of our early sensibility may be extinguished by time; but the soul which was once capable of that sensibility remains." He then took from the casket a manuscript which he entrusted to my care, the contents of which appear in the present volume.

His mind seemed to have been relieved of an anxiety, and, as the day advanced, he rallied fur-

* "God Almighty first planted a garden, and 'tis the purest of all human pleasures."—LORD BACON.

prisingly. My first sorrowful forebodings began to give way. I remembered his poetical admonition; and gladly yielded to returning HOPE.

Hope to the last !—Though Hope delay,
Do we lose by hoping? Nay,
Rather we a respite gain
From anxiety and pain.
One of that CELESTIAL THREE,
Of whom the CHIEF is CHARITY,
Let me to the very last,
Hope eternal! hold thee fast.

If, as Aristotle says, one of the characteristics of old age is that of being less inclined to hope than to fear, it was not so with Uncle Timothy. The Athenians trusted Pericles through every dark reverse of fortune with unshaken devotion; and my friend as firmly, under every trial, put confidence in hope.

Thus encouraged, I took the opportunity of leading him into some of his favourite subjects, which called forth the various knowledge, the fervid eloquence, and the sweet visions of fancy of his golden days; deepened by a pathos mournfully prophetic of the great change through which, a presentiment—that immortal instinct! foreshadowed ere long he would have to pass. After some interesting Heli-conian by-gones, FRIENDSHIP was his theme. The friendship, in Sacred Writ, of David and Jonathan; in Homer, of Achilles and Patroclus; in Virgil, of

Myfus and Euryales; in Cicero, of Pylades and Orestes; in Fénelon, of Mentor and Telemachus; in Arrian, of Alexander, and Ephestion. Death had recently made doubly desolate the home of a friend. And the following elegiac lines on this mournful event he recited to me :—

Sleep in thy Father's clay-cold arms and breast
Till the Last Trumpet wake thee from thy rest.

Life's little day

Of innocence and joy hath passed away.

To thee was known one parent—only one—

Ere thy brief race began thy fire's was run—

In manhood's prime

His mission calmly closed with earth and time.

Sin never sullied thee—without a stain

Thy spirit to thy God returns again.

What higher bliss

Hath Heaven in store for those it loves than this?

To another friend, in the wild and troubled sea of life's warfare, who was too prone to share the doubts that perplexed Parnell's *Hermit*;* he, in reply to a few melancholy lines,† had just imparted this timely consolation :—

* "That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprang some doubts of Providence's sway."

† "Would it were over, would it were past,
And life's heavy load I had laid down at last!"

Why, alas ! of life so weary ?
So dispirited, cast down ?
Is thy path perplex'd and dreary ?
Does upon thee fortune frown ?

Or thy love look cold, and shun thee ?
Or ingratitude's sharp fang
From the friend who has undone thee
Add to poverty its pang ?

One above there is to bless thee,
(Think what sorrows here He bore !)
Who the more that wrongs oppresses thee,
Only loves thee more and more.

“I shall dismiss you early,” said Uncle Timothy.
“In the morning, like Socrates, I love to converse
with the dead, at noon with the living, and in the
evening with myself. Besides, I need sleep, ‘the
death of each day’s life,’ to calm the pleasant excite-
ment of this visit, and to recruit me for your pro-
mised one to-morrow. Farewell !” But to him
that “morrow” never came. The sleep, like an
enchanted one, that he slept so sweetly, was his last,
and he awoke only to an Eternal Morning, to the

My perishing dust sleeping under the sod,
My purified soul in the bosom of God !

For I am as weary as weary can be ;
Bound and imprison'd, I long to be free ;
I pray for the day that shall bring my release
From sin and from sorrow, to pardon and peace.

White Robe of Zion, the Chorus of the Angelic Host, and the Song of the Seraphim !

In a country churchyard, blooming with many a bright wild flower—may the Angel of the Sepulchre guard his last resting-place, and the songs of the sweet birds be his requiem !—sleeps Uncle Timothy. It opens into a prospect of almost unearthly beauty, and its grass-grown mounds, shaded here and there by a wide-spreading yew-tree, were his favourite haunt. At the charmingly picturesque old church to which it leads, he was a constant attendant, and I recall to memory the hymn that he composed during our last walk together one Sabbath morning when the fields were gay with Spring's fresh garniture of living green, and the buds were swelling in the hedge roses and hawthorns, to worship within its sacred walls.

How I love the gates of Zion
Morn and eve to enter in,
With the Gospel to rely on
As a pardon for my sin.

How I lean on every sentence,
As it falls upon my ear,
Promising of true repentance
Pitying Heaven my vows will hear.

See, in silent adoration
Rich and poor together kneel,
Hark ! what hymns of jubilation
From the full-toned organ peal.

Every voice the chorus swelling !
 Every eye uplifted, fired !
 Every tongue of mercies telling !
 Every bosom rapt, inspired !

Well may ye exalt your voices,
 Heirs of glory ! chosen sons !
 Every ransomed saint rejoices
 As his Christian course he runs.

Pain and sorrow cannot move him,
 Pressing on to his reward ;
 Death's dark terrors only prove him
 Looking, longing for his Lord.

His homeward discourse was in harmony with the morning's meditations, and (it is here that nature seconds religion) with the sparkling landscape around. One sentence of it I record. "O, that sin and sorrow should have entered so beautiful a world !" The resumption of this discourse in the evening inspired him with a song that soothed and sanctified the close of this sacred day :—

The MORNING OF THE INTELLECT ! as first in Adam
 seen
 In all its pristine purity, ah ! what must it have
 been ?
 A Temple of the Living God ! refulgent and re-
 fined ;
 An emanation glorious of the Eternal Mind !

THE MORNING OF THE INTELLECT ! Ere horrid fin
and death

Its innocence and beauty marr'd with their defiling
breath ;

Or time made it a mournful wreck, a ruin, just to
tell

How low it has descended, and from what a height
it fell !

THE MORNING OF THE INTELLECT ! In these our
latter days

If something noble still remain for wonder and for
praise,

What is it but a relic rare of that Celestial Fane
To be restored when man shall his Lost Paradise
regain ?

The adjoining Parsonage, where quaint, antique
architecture without grotesquely contrasted with
modern and simple elegance within, received him
as a welcome guest. Graceful hospitality being the
law ; and love, with beautiful consistency, the in-
spiration of the household. And whenever a sermon
was to be preached in aid of the Parish Schools, his
ready Muse was put in requisition by the good
Vicar for a hymn to be sung by the charity chil-
dren ; and the following one was his last :—

Lord ! to praise Thee we appear
In Thy Holy Temple here,
That Thou didst (the children's friend)
These our kind protectors send.

But for them (inspired by Thee)
We should helpless outcasts be,
To the world an easy prey,
Scatter'd, tempted, cast away !

By their bounty clothed and fed,
By their counsel taught and led,
With Thy help we hope to steer
From the path of error clear.

Make us diligent and good,
Fill our hearts with gratitude,
Let our knowledge be to know
All we have to Thee we owe.

Ever in our infant fight
Be Thy Son a pattern bright !
When, with so Divine a mien,
Was such early wisdom seen ?

Him to follow, Thee to praise
Humbly, truly, all our days,
To what service, holier, higher,
Lord, than this can we aspire ?

He greatly admired Paul Eber's "Hymn for the Dying;"* and his own hymn, which he dedicated to the memory of that good Vicar who passed

* When Hugo Grotius was dying of fatigue and exhaustion at Rostock he asked John Quistorpius, Pastor of the Lutheran Church, to read this beautiful Hymn to him, and during the reading he expired.

through the dark valley but a few months before him, proves how well qualified he was to follow in the same path.

Not until Thy work was done,
Faithful servant of the Lord !
And thy Crown of Glory won,
(Self-devotion's sure reward !)

Didst thou at the Master's feet
Lay thy crook, so meekly borne,
And (thy sleep of death how sweet !)
Wake to an Eternal Morn.

Now the blessed of thy fold
Thou hast heard with rapt surprise,
(Robed in white,) with harps of gold
Hail thy advent to the skies;

As before the Throne of Light
They beheld thee prostrate fall—
Faith and Hope confirm'd by fight,
And Christ the Saviour All in All !

Though in sorrow we abide,
(Be the parting tear forgiven !)
We're not left without a guide
In our homeward path to Heaven.

Thy example handed down
Is the star by which to steer,
If, like thee, to glory's crown
We would prove our title clear.

On the first Sunday after his funeral the newly appointed Vicar (the father of Eugenio),* taking for his text the dying words of Simeon, " Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," preached an eloquent sermon to a sympathising congregation, in which he alluded to their lost friend in terms so tender and true, that it melted every heart and moistened every eye ; while many a sorrowful look was bent on that vacant seat in the chancel which would know him no more. The neighbouring cottages had sent forth their mourners clad in such decent garments of woe as poverty could best afford. For his benevolence and kindness of manner (he thought virtue not less honourable because it was poor) had won the love of them all. It was a gracious scene, that the Angels in Heaven might have looked down upon with complacency. A Hymn, contributed by the author of this imperfect record, and sung by the charity children, concluded the affecting and solemn service.

Who has not in its splendour mild

A golden sunset seen ?

Or look'd upon a sleeping child,

And mark'd its brow serene ?

* Not a latitudinarian, wearing his gown loosely, and, holding Christ to be " the mere personification of an idea ;" but an humble believer, whose religion was the Bible, and whose life was an illustration of its Divine precepts.

Or watch'd upon a summer's eve
 (By tempests lash'd no more)
 A rippling wave the billows leave,
 To die upon the shore?

And who has not the Christian view'd,
 When life draws near its close,
 His doubts and fears by faith subdued,
 His spirit in repose?

As sleeping childhood, sunset bright,
 And the retiring wave,
 So sweetly calm, with Heaven in sight,
 He passes to the grave.

A mural monument over against his pew has been erected to his memory ; and any mourner whom affection may lead thither to adorn it with a chaplet, will see these lines inscribed upon it, which were found among his manuscripts.

Swift from earth (too glad to leave it !)
 My enraptured spirit flies ;
 In Thy Bosom, Lord ! receive it,
 With a welcome to the skies.

There to live with saints for ever
 Under Thy celestial reign,
 Where temptation, sorrow, never
 Shall disturb its peace again.

While taking a retrospect of the life, and contemplating the countenance in death (which, according

to Pliny's accepted theory,* had been painless, perhaps even pleasurable, for it had left a last smile there) of this faithful servant of humanity, as I wept over him my adieu until the morning of Resurrection, I thought how despairing would be my anguish in losing such an inestimable friend were it not for the Divine promise of an indissoluble union in a heavenly hereafter that commands us "not to be sorry, as men without hope." Life's great lesson is to teach us not only how to live, but how to die. As the Poems that close this volume teach both lessons, I commend them to the reader, and bid him

FAREWELL !

* "Ipse discessus animi plerumque fit sine dolore, non nunquam etiam cum ipsâ voluptate."







“NON OMNIS MORIAR!”

“On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev’n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev’n in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

GRAY.





“NON OMNIS MORIAR!”



HE Man of Sorrows! — Mournful
name!

To soften hearts the best appeal,
To kindle faith's undying flame,

And love's Divinest, warmest zeal.

No name by which the Lord is known

Can a more tender charm impart;

Or draw me nearer to His throne;

Or bind Him closer to my heart.

The desert-cave, the lonely dell,

The wild ravine's dark, solemn shade,

The mountain-summit too can tell

How there He wander'd, watch'd, and pray'd.

For those deep solitudes sublime

His pillow and His altar were;

In every season, every clime,

His place of rest, His house of pray'r.

(Such scenes of grandeur and of awe
The penfive Hermit-prophet trod
When he on Horeb heard and faw
His guardian Angel fent by God.)

The purple robe, the mocking crown,
To anger ne'er His fpirit moved ;
No traitor Judas met His frown,
No faithlefs Peter ftood reproved.

From Him was never heard complaint
In all His bitter trials here ;
No bonds could make His courage faint,
No fcourge could draw one human tear !

When dawn'd Mount Calvary's dreadful day
(His Cup of Mifery running o'er)
Though weak and weary on the way,
His heavy Crofs He meekly bore ;

Then while deep darknefs veil'd the fun,
And earth was rent and rocks were riven,
Home to the High and Holy One
The Man of Sorrows rofe to Heaven !



WHEN all is dark beneath the skies,
To heaven, O Pilgrim! lift thine eyes,
And soon the cloud shall melt away
In faith and hope's celestial ray.

To Calvary's Mount thy spirit borne,
Shall meekly, without murmuring, mourn,
And say, with God's devoted Son,
“My Father's will, not mine, be done.”

Art thou to cave and desert driven?
Hast thou no refuge under heaven?
No faithful friend to soothe or share
Thy body's pain, thy heart's despair?
In solitude the Saviour's head
Was pillow'd in the meanest shed,
And oft amid the howling blast
His nights of prayer and watching pass'd.

Dost thou for charity implore?
Do men against thee shut the door?
And is thy poverty pursued
By mockery and reproaches rude?
Cold, hunger, persecution, scorn,
For Him reserved their sharpest thorn;
Disown'd, dishonour'd, and denied
The Man of Sorrows lived and died.

Is love dissembling and untrue?
Has friendship turn'd a traitor too?
Were His betrayals less severe—
The kiss of Judas, Peter's tear?
Or has the grave for ever closed
On one in whom thy heart reposed?
Say was not His a heavier doom
When weeping o'er the leper's tomb?

Has the arch-tempter sorely tried
To lure thee from thy heavenly guide?
Remember how from Him recoil'd
That foul, false fiend, defied and foil'd!
Is there a foe with whom has striven
Thy angry spirit, unforgiven?
To pity let thy heart incline,
And be thy Lord's example thine.

Has death aside thy curtain drawn?
Are sense and motion all but gone?
Does feebly play thy pulse its part?
And faintly beat thy fluttering heart?
Celestial hope and perfect peace
Shall crown thy happy's soul's release,
And Faith proclaim to mourners by
How sweetly her disciples die.



ESUS wept!” Did ever grief,

In so bright a form appear?

Ever find its sweet relief

In so exquisite a tear?

Ah! what sorrow did it speak,

Rolling down the Saviour’s cheek!

“Jesus wept!” From age to age

This holiest of all holy tears

Has flow’d through inspiration’s page,

And still shall flow for endless years,

Till dawns that everlasting day

When tears shall all be wiped away.



OCK of ages! firm and sure,

Of the Godhead Essence pure!

Sun of Righteousness! to Thee

I, adoring, bend my knee.

Man of Sorrows! mock’d and slain;

Holy Martyr! risen again;

Lamb of God! to Thee I raise

My imperfect song of praise.

Elder Brother! Friend Divine!
(For Thy Heavenly Father's mine,)
But for Thy redeeming grace
I ne'er should see that Father's face.

Prince of Peace! whose reign began
With bringing mercy down to man;
Mighty Conqueror of the grave!
Hear Thy fervant, hear! and save.

When early sunbeams gild the skies
To Thy glory let me rise;
And the day in passing through
Ever keep Thy cross in view.

Let me, with devotion fill'd,
On Thee for my salvation build;
Not, self-righteous, vainly trust
In works which are but dross and dust.

Me, good Shepherd! kindly lead,
With Thy little flock to feed,
That, in their communion sweet,
I may worship at Thy feet.

When from my uplifted eyes
The day in sunset's glory dies
Let my evening hymn to Thee
Pardon'd and accepted be.

When the starry lamps of night
Fill the heavens with sparkling light,
Of some happy, holy dream
Let Thy mercy be the theme.

If of my ungrateful heart
I have given Thee only part,
Pour within it love Divine,
And make it ever, wholly Thine.



ARKER and darker grew the veil
That night was spreading all around;
Louder and louder blew the gale
That tofs'd upon the deep profound
A ship which seem'd both wind and wave
By some mysterious power to brave.

How wistfully that gallant bark
Did Jesus look upon! for there
Were His disciples, (sacred ark!)
As on a mountain He, in pray'r,
Pleaded before His Father's throne
For every sorrow but His own.

Alas! for that imperill'd crew.—
Is there no celestial charm
The foaming surges to subdue,
The windy tempest to disarm?

See from the mountain, prompt to save,
A Deliverer walks the wave!

"*It is a spirit!*" was their cry
Of supernatural awe and dread,
When they beheld, as from on high,
A radiant Form the billows tread,
Which, parting, rose their God to greet,
Then broke in silence at His feet.

"*'Tis I, be not afraid.*" The deep
Was calm, no more the vessel heaved,
But seem'd upon the waves to sleep
As she the Heavenly Guest received,
Salvation's Herald from afar
Lighted by the evening star!

Then every breeze the storm had stirr'd,
And every billow He had trod,
And every rock and mountain heard
"*In truth Thou art the Son of God!*"
That o'er the trembling waters peal'd
From lips by wonder now unseal'd.

To us, as unto them of old,
This gracious miracle is given—
By faith we still His form behold,
And hear His gentle voice from heaven—
By faith, like His disciples, too
We smile at all the storm can do.



IS sheep well know their Shepherd's voice
 As on the ear it sweetly falls;
 O how the little flock rejoice
 Responsive to its sacred calls!

And well His sheep the Shepherd knows,
 For they His watchful love and care
 From early morn, to evening's close,
 And during night's dark season, share.

But there, alas! are wandering sheep
 Who never the Good Shepherd knew;
 Them does He in remembrance keep,
 And to His flock will gather too.

And there shall be one heavenly fold,
 One heavenly Shepherd, Lord! in Thee;
 And they who this by faith behold,
 By sight, in happier worlds, shall see.



READY to halt!—For shame! for
 shame!

Unfaithful pilgrim, is it so?
 In duty's path through flood and
 flame

When Heaven's command is, “*Forward go!*”

The sun and moon, they never halt,
The stars pursue their course sublime,
The seasons never are at fault,
And onward swiftly travels Time.

No pause make ocean's ebb and flow,
Nor streams that woodland banks embow'r;
Nor changeful winds that, high or low,
Lash the loud wave, or fan the flow'r.

Nor rests the sovereign hand that keeps
Creation's wondrous balance right,
The Eye all-seeing never sleeps
That watches o'er it, day or night.

Not till redemption's work was done,
And all fulfill'd the promise given,
The Father saw His Only Son,
As Prince of Peace, return to heaven.

“*Ready to halt!*” Those words recall,
And “*Forward!*” let thy motto be;
And take for Him, the Lord of all!
The rugged path He took for thee.



OLY Spirit! to my heart
Thy supernal peace impart,
Sorrow's comforter and balm!
Doubt dispel, disquiet calm.

Of this darkness deep and drear
My beclouded vision clear,
And upon it light Divine,
Holy Spirit! cause to shine.

Dove celestial! on Thy wing
These good gifts benignly bring,
And let their mysterious pow'r
Sanctify this solemn hour.

Let my faltering tongue's petition,
Let my broken heart's contrition
(If they not unworthy prove,) Thy Divine compassion move.

A sunset smile illumines the deep,
The waves are still, the woodlands sleep,
The sky with richest crimson glows,
And heaven and earth are in repose.

A sweet serenity I feel
O'er my spirit softly steal;
A sacred joy, of which no part
This weary world hath, warm my heart.

And beaming in the distance far
 I see a bright and glorious star,
 That clouds and darkness cannot hide,
 My path to light, my steps to guide.

A seraph-voice the silence breaks,
 A harp unseen sweet music wakes,
 And every breath and every string
 This gracious promise seems to bring :

"The heart with pure devotion fired,
 The Holy Spirit (love-inspired!)
 To doubt, disquiet, never leaves;
 Since he who asks in faith, receives."



WHEN the Jews did mock and try Him,
 With revilings raise the rod,
 "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"
 Cried the people—(Voice of God?)

Vox populi—that cry fatanic!

Vox populi—that direful doom!—

Vox Dei—trembling Nature's panic!

Darkness, tempest, opening tomb!



LIVES there in heaven a Son of Light,
An Angel more supremely bright,
A Spirit form'd of purer fire,
Holier than the rest and higher,

Nearest to the throne above,
Deepest in the Saviour's love?
That Angel is the chosen one
By whom the Father to his Son
Sent words of comfort from on high,
When Calvary's day and hour drew nigh.

Though now before the Lord of all
Angelic hosts in worship fall,
And golden harps and tuneful choirs
His name with sacred song inspires,
The anguish of that piercing cry,
The look of that uplifted eye,
And those sweet words of grace Divine
(Entrusted to no lips but thine,)
That gave the Saviour strength in pray'r
The Mount to climb, the Cross to bear,
Good Spirit! shall remember'd be
Through all eternity by thee.



WHEN they scourged, and mock'd, and
bound Him,
And the blood upon His brow
Flow'd from every thorn that crown'd
Him,

Christ His head did lowly bow ;

And this dying prayer to Heaven,
Love from His compassion drew—
“Let them, Father, be forgiven,
For they know not what they do.”

When with wrath my spirit burning,
I would wrong with wrong repay ;
Lord ! to thy example turning,
My resentment dies away.

Ere for pardon I implore Thee,
Must my foe forgiven be ;
Or shall I in vain before Thee
Breathe my prayer and bend my knee.



T is finished !” Nature darken'd,
And the sun was in eclipse,
As to these last words they hearken'd
From the dying Saviour's lips.

Death beheld his bondage broken,
Satan his o'er fallen man,
When the Son of God had spoken,
And His reign of peace began.

“*It is finished!*” No exemption,
Fellow-sinner, yours and mine
Is the mystery of redemption,
Promised by those lips Divine!

They who seek it shall not lose it,
If in faith sincerely fought;
Woe to them who dare refuse it!
Such a prize so dearly bought.



O the Father and the Son,
And the Holy Ghost, be given
(The Eternal Three in One!
The High Mystery of heaven!)
All the glory, all the praise
That hearts can feel, and voices raise.

To the Father—for He gave
Life, and all that makes it dear;
And His only son, to save
Man from Satan's bondage here.

To the Son—for He obey'd
What the Father had ordain'd;

With His blood the ransom paid,
And our Paradise regain'd.

To the Holy Ghost—the Balm,
The Comforter, to whom we owe
That consoling, sacred calm
That breathes upon us in our woe!

To the Father and the Son,
And the Holy Ghost, be given
(The Eternal Three in One!
The High Mystery of heaven!)
All the glory, all the praise
That hearts can feel, and voices raise.



IM I'll trust although He slay me,
Firm my faith shall still remain;
Unbelief that would betray me,
But assaults my soul in vain.

Clouds and darkness me surrounding,
Sorely tempted, troubled, tried,
Father! in thy love abounding,
In Thy goodness, I confide.

Though from me Thy face be hidden,
(Soon, ah, soon! its light restore;)
In Thy mercy Thou hast chidden—
Let me suffer and adore.

Thee I ask not to exempt me
 From the sorrows sin must share,
 Knowing well Thou wilt not tempt me
 More, my God ! than I can bear.



WHEN the wild waters o'er my head,
 Their loud and angry billows roll,
 Till faith and hope, in doubt and dread,
 Seem all but shipwreck'd, with my
 soul ;

Satan, no more thy service press ;
 Stand not between my God and me ;
 From this dark ocean of distress
 One, only One can set me free.

How often hast thou to ensnare
 The sinking, struggling sinner striven,
 When on the rock of deep despair
 His little bark, like mine, was driven.

And tempted, as thou tempt'st me now,
 The Lord of mercy to deny,
 And with thy seal upon his brow,
 The death of unbeliever die.

Though the wild waters, tempest-toss'd,
 Redouble their mad rage and roar,

I will not give up all for lost,
But only trust in Heaven the more.

The Power that hurl'd thee from on high,
For thy rebellion, fallen slave !
From these dark depths will hear my cry,
And raise me, ransom'd, from the wave.



FATHER ! thus I still address Thee,
When I kneel in pray'r and praise ;
By that name I learn'd to bless Thee
In my childhood's happy days.

And my Teacher was no other,
When I said “Thy will be done,”
Than my Lord, Redeemer, Brother,
And Thy everlasting Son.

Let me think (the past recalling)
What a Father Thou hast been ;
How my feet were kept from falling,
As I pass'd from scene to scene—

Youth's temptations, bright, alluring !
Manhood's trials, sharp and stern !
Teaching lessons, by enduring,
Well to know, but sad to learn !

Life's rough path descending slowly,
More than ever I have need
Of Thy presence pure and holy
Down that path my steps to lead.

One beyond, in darkness shrouded,
Still remains, and only one;
Father! let Thy lamp unclouded
Safely through it light Thy son.



SAINTS in adoration bending
At the footsteps of Thy Throne;
Seraph-voices sweetly blending,
With the harp's deep, solemn tone.

The chain'd prophet from his prison;
The pale martyr from his fire;
Faith's true soldier, conqueror risen,
Swelling the harmonious choir!

Such a glorious host assembling,
Great Jehovah! in Thy praise;
Pardon if, with fear and trembling,
I presume my voice to raise.

Yet if reverence, awe, awake it,
Have I not Thy promised word,
They, with love, shall ever make it
In Thy holy temple heard.

Never may unseemly boldness
 Prompt me in Thy presence, Sire ;
 Nor formality and coldness
 Quench my spirit's sacred fire.

Freely with my soul's petition
 Let me seek the Mercy-seat,
 And with dutiful submission
 Lay it, Father, at Thy feet.



WORD ! before I turn'd to Thee,
 I was bound, but now I'm free ;
 I was blind, but now I see.

Full of sorrow, full of care,
 Wandering I knew not where,
 Deep and dark was my despair.

Walking now with Thee in sight,
 Pleasant is my path and bright,
 And my spirit, O, how light !

Nature's beauties, ever new,
 In another glass I view :
 Now I know their Maker too.

Since my soul on Thee relied,
 Self-sufficiency and pride
 In one happy moment died.

Open is my heart and free,
Now (what Thou hast taught) I see,
Love to man is love to Thee.



THRONED in majesty and might,
In the storm thou com'st to-night,
God omnipotent! most high!
Filling nature with affright,
Making tremble earth and sky!

Peals of thunder, flood, and fire,
Herald Thee, Eternal Sire!
Moon and stars grow dim and pale,
As in darkness they retire,
At Thy voice, within the veil.

'Tis well the terrors of Thy word,
In the loud tempest should be heard,
To startle conscience and appal;
That stubborn scorers might be stirr'd,
And know Thou reignest Lord of all!

While with awe we kneel before Thee,
(We who live but to adore Thee!)
Fill our hearts with holy things,
And Thy mercy, we implore Thee,
O, vouchsafe us, King of kings!



EVER look'd compassion sweeter
 (Too intense, alas! to chide),
 Than when Jesus turn'd to Peter,
 As he thrice his Lord denied—

Peace and love
 From heaven above
 That expressive look implied.

False Apostle! Spirit broken!
 Well mayst thou retire to weep—
 He accepts thy tender token,
 Flowing from repentance deep—
 Every tear
 (A treasure dear!)
 Christ will in remembrance keep.

Thy hot zeal, and thy denial,
 Prove how weak the wisest are,
 To pass through a fiery trial
 Without mortal wound or scar—
 Their strength, in need,
 A broken reed,
 And vain self-trust their ruling star.

Musing o'er thy mournful story,
 Shall we not our faces hide,
 When, like thee, the Lord of Glory
 We so often have denied;

Counting nought
The truths He taught—
And spurning gifts for which He died ?



FATHER of the fatherless !
Husband of the widow ! we,
In this dark day of our distress,
For consolation come to Thee.

Yet, while we say, “Thy will be done,”
Forgive the fond, the filial tear
We, broken-hearted, shed for one
Whose loss has made us mourners here.

To wipe the tear, to heal the smart
In mercy dealt, is Thy employ ;
To bind the orphan’s broken heart,
And make the widow’s sing for joy.



FOUNTAIN of every earthly good,
Whose providential care
Has long my path with blessings strew’d,
With mercies rich and rare,

If what I feel my faltering tongue
 Could only truly speak,
 Thy praise should not be feebly sung;
 But, ah! my words are weak.

They sink beneath the sacred theme,
 They poorly play their part,
 And but the faintest echoes seem
 Of what inspires my heart.



ORD! for Thy refreshing rain
 Pour'd upon the growing grain,
 For Thy sun's warm, ripening rays,
 Hear a grateful people's praise!

Fruitful harvests through the land
 Wait the joyful reaper's hand;
 Golden crops to Him who gave
 As in worship, seem to wave!

With the plenty Thou hast spread
 None in vain shall ask for bread;
 At Thy table, God of grace!
 Rich and poor shall find a place.

With the bread Thy bounty show'rs,
 O, let that of Life be ours!
 Food celestial, Father! give,
 That our souls may feed and live.



LOOK down, in mercy, O! look down,
 Jehovah! from Thy throne in heaven.
 I cannot live beneath Thy frown,
 I dare not die if unforgiven.

Now with faith, with doubt abiding,
 By contending passions cross'd,
 Hope and fear my thoughts dividing,
 I, by turns, am faved and lost.

Vouchsafe some token of Thy grace,
 Some precious sign, and let me see
 My Heavenly Father's smiling face
 Reflect its glorious light on me.



CHRISTIAN brother! silent, sad,
 Pinch'd with hunger, poorly clad,
 Heavy laden, weary, worn,
 (Faith's hard trials meekly borne!)

Let my willing arm, I pray,
 Bear your burden for to-day,
 My staff support your feeble form,
 My cloak protect it from the storm.

Christian brother! I can spare
 Much of this my frugal fare;
 Freely of it, for His sake,
 Whom we serve and seek, partake.

Christian brother! the same road
 Leads to my and your abode;
 The same Heavenly Father, too,
 Waits to welcome me and you.

Christian brother! to our rest
 Forward be the journey press'd;
 All the troubles we endure
 Only make that rest more sure.

Christian brother! never tire;
 As we toil through thorn and briar
 Let our hearts, serenely gay,
 Discourse sweet music by the way.



CHRISTIAN pilgrim! still pursue
 Thy upward path, with heaven in view;
 Linger not, but travel straight
 On to the celestial gate.

Christian pilgrim! on the sky
 Full and firmly fix thine eye,
 For see already, crown'd with light,
 The holy city is in sight!

Christian pilgrim ! nearer still
Rises Zion's heavenly hill ;
Hark ! Hofannas ! one step more—
Now is life's rough journey o'er.

Christian Pilgrim ! joy and rest
Are thy portion with the blest,
Who, unto salvation wise,
Of their high calling gain'd the prize.



CHRISTIAN soldier ! to the field ;
Light thy armour, truth thy shield,
Wage a holy war with sin,
And immortal honours win.

Christian soldier ! Satan's horde,
Make them feel the Spirit's sword,
Deeper wounds than carnal steel
Doth that heavenly weapon deal.

Christian soldier ! Unbelief
(Of thy foes the first and chief)
Let it at thy feet expire
By that sword of living fire !

Christian soldier ! conqueror ! rise,
Thine's the triumph ! thine the prize !
Of sin and death no more the slave,
Thy last victory's o'er the grave.



CHRISTIAN martyr! from thy cell,
Bound in chains and guarded well,
They have brought thee to expire
For thy holy faith by fire.

Christian martyr! fiendish cries
Greet the flames that round thee rise,
Every hand a faggot throws,
And the furnace fiercer glows!

Christian martyr! from the blaze
Sweetly sounds thy song of praise;
Well become those solemn pray'rs
Thy calm brow and silvery hairs.

Christian martyr! raised by thee
That "*unworthy hand*" I see
By thy sentence meet its doom,
Scorch, and blacken, and consume!

Christian martyr! to the sky
Dost thou lift a longing eye?
Soon above yon starry pole
Jesus shall receive thy soul!

Christian martyr! dying faint!
Faltering grows thy voice and faint,
And thy reverend form for aye
In smoke and darkness fades away.



ON that dreadful day of doom
 When the trumpet, from the tomb
 Shall the buried nations all
 To the Redeemer's presence call,
 That their sentence they may know,
 Everlasting joy, or woe!
 Shall I be prepared to meet
 Jesus on His judgment seat?

Angels round the King of kings
 Veil their faces with their wings,
 As the Book of Life He takes
 And the deep, solemn silence breaks;
 Bidding sit upon His right
 With the blessed sons of light
 Those who fought upon His side,
 And for His glory lived and died.

Hark! 'tis the Judge's awful frown,
 That calls the rolling thunder down,
 And see the wicked stand aghast,
 To hear their final sentence pass'd;
 While hollow groans of deep despair,
 Echoing from the caverns where
 Hope comes never! tell the pains
 Of darkness, guilt, and fiery chains.



BLESSED are the dead that die
In the Lord, for ever blest;
From their labours they on high
Soar to everlasting rest.

Past are all their sufferings here,
Sleepless nights and toilsome days;
Wiped away is every tear,
Sighs are turn'd to songs of praise.

Can we wish them to return
From their bright abode above,
Here again to toil and mourn?
No! for that would not be love.



T'is too late!" These words of woe,
Of condemnation and despair,
Has guilty conscience whisper'd low
To the sinner hastening—Where?

While mourners from the dying bed,
Returning to absorbing cares,
Forget how soon that whisper dread,
That awful whisper, may be theirs!

Time was when penitential tears
 Had open'd freely mercy's gate;
 But now the voice of careless years
 Tells *them*, in turn, “*It is too late!*”

While memory, haunted by the past,
 (The past, that nothing can repair!)
 In a dim death-dream fades at last,
 And darkness closes on despair.

“*It is too late!*” Come pain severe,
 Come the world's heaviest trials all,
 Rather than on my startled ear
 These words of woe should sternly fall!



SEE the stately vessel steering,
 Hear her parting music, hear!
 As the crew on deck appearing,
 Give, responsive, cheer for cheer!

To a far, benighted nation,
 Stranger to the Gospel's sound,
 With glad tidings of salvation,
 Bark of mercy! she is bound.

Ah! what noble hearts within her
 Home and friends have left behind
 To convert the heathen sinner,
 To pour light upon the blind.

Cheerfully their holy mission
They pursue across the wave,
To destroy dark superstition,
Or to find a martyr's grave !

Vast, majestic, mighty ocean !
Spare that gallant vessel, spare !
And those hearts of true devotion
Safely on thy billows bear !

They have borne in ample measure
Guilt, oppression, dust, and dross,
Now they bear earth's richest treasure,
Pearl above all price !—the Cross.

Symbol of the Man of Sorrow !
Far beyond the boundless sea
Thou on some auspicious morrow
Shalt in triumph planted be !

Idol-gods shall fall before thee,
Superstition fly the earth,
Every nation shall adore thee,
In her new, celestial birth.



CHILD of heaven! though poor, neglected,

Let not sorrow cast thee down;
Was not Christ despised, rejected?

Were not thorns His earthly crown?

Dost thou mourn that of affliction
Thine has proved so large a share?
Think upon His crucifixion,
Humbly bow, and learn to bear.

Did He not for thy salvation
Suffer all without complaint?
And wilt thou, in pain, privation,
His disciple! falter, faint?

Soon from this thy earthly prison,
Child of heaven! to weep no more,
Thou shalt rise, as He has risen,
If thou bear the cross He bore.



HARK! the war-inspiring drum,
See! the armed squadrons come
Hurrying to the battle-field,
Brother against brother steel'd,

Burning to begin the strife,
Blood for blood, and life for life!

God of battles! let Thy Word
 At the cannon's mouth be heard.
 Prince of Peace! proclaim Thy rule,
 Bid the wrath of nations cool;
 Foes shall then in friendship meet,
 And tyrants tremble and retreat!

Fruitful fields with harvests crown'd,
 Floral beauty smiling round,
 Busy hamlet, silent glen,
 Blest abodes of peaceful men!
 Homes so happy, hearts so brave
 Save from the despoiler, save!

But if from some Divine decree,
 Unknown to all, great God! but Thee,
 New deeds of death must now be done,
 And future battles fought and won,
 Let justice make a speedy pause,
 And victory crown the righteous cause.



WILL love the Lord of light,
 I will serve Him day and night,
 All that gratitude can give
 I will render while I live.

On a bed of sickness laid
 I implored His healing aid,
 And returning health declares
 How He hearken'd to my pray'rs.

I was troubled, and my sigh,
In my sorrow, was to die ;
But the Holy Spirit's breath
Saved me from despair and death.

What, for good so freely given,
Shall I offer up to Heaven ?
O, for Jubal's hallow'd lyre !
O, for David's lips of fire !



COME, great Physician ! from above,
Come, with Thy healing powers,
In pity, tenderness, and love,
To this sad home of ours.

And let Thy heavenly voice and hand
A sufferer soothe and save,
And Thy restoring angel stand
Between her and the grave.

Thou Who didst raise the widow's son,
O, hear our fervent prayer,
This dearly-loved, this valued one
Spare, in Thy goodness, spare !

Ah ! think not that these sighs and tears
Reproach Thy holy will ;
Though strong our too-foreboding fears,
Our faith is stronger still.



HEN, for some great mercy shown,
I approach my Father's throne,
In the fulness of my heart,
Only tears, to thank Him, start.

May I hope that tears will find
Favour in the Heavenly Mind?

"Tears from penitence that flow,
From grateful joy, from sacred woe,
Well the want of words supply
When the mood's too rapt, too high."
Thus a voice my spirit cheers
When my thanks are only tears.



OULD they who bear the cross but know
The bliss for them in store,
How soon their tears would cease to flow,
And they would sigh no more;

Their burden would be bravely borne,
With this assurance blest,
That comfort comes to those that mourn,
And to the weary rest.



WAY from the world I have wander'd
afar,

My lamp and my pilot was Bethle-
hem's Star,

It lighted my path, and it pointed the road,
And led me at last to my Saviour's abode.

His Word and His Promise I've read and believed,
His Grace and His Mercy I've ask'd and received,
I've sought Him and found Him, I've knock'd, and
I wait

In faith and in love, till He open the gate.

Lord! help me to cast off my burden of sin,
Or ne'er at Thy portal may I enter in;
Since none but the holy, the pure, and the blest
Shall ever find place where the weary have rest.



HE Sabbath-day, to man by Heaven

For rest and meditation given,

Again (O, privilege Divine!)

The Lord hath made in mercy mine.

God of goodness! God of grace!
Receive me in Thy dwelling-place;
Be Thou, Eternal Spirit! there;
Accept my praise and hear my prayer.

O be my thoughts from earth as far
 As is from earth the morning star;
 Transfigured, and from bondage free,
 My Father! let them rise to Thee.



WITH a grateful song of praise
 Sweetly doth the evening close
 Of another Sabbath-day's
 Sacred worship and repose.

Day of rest from toil and care,
 Labour hath no claim on thee;
 Six are its appointed share,
 Thou, the holy seventh! art free.

Though the fordid and profane
 Think thee made for *them* alone,
 Their assaults shall prove in vain,
 For the Lord will keep His own.

For His service He design'd
 Man should have one day in seven;
 Leaving time and world behind
 For eternity and Heaven.



ET us now, with one accord,
For His goodness praise the Lord,
For His loving-kindness raise
Our united hymn of praise.

Praise Him for the peaceful night,
Praise Him for the morning light :
For strength by gentle sleep restored,
And social blessings, praise the Lord !

Praise Him that with hearts sincere
We meet again in worship here,
Imploring, for His mercy's sake,
A blessing on the bread we break.

Praise Him that we live to say,
“ Be with us through this busy day,
And, O, vouchsafe us, Lord, the while,
The light of Thy approving smile.”

Praise Him for the vast amount
Of blessings that we cannot count ;
Give to God, of good the Giver,
Present praise, and praise for ever !



Y harp is on the willows hung,
 Untuned and hush'd is every string;
 The song of joy I might have sung,
 A stranger here, I may not sing.

A brighter, better world than this
 Its music only can inspire;
 Then, till arrive that promised bliss,
 Shall sadness silence every wire.

—"And is there nought beneath the skies,
 To wake thy harp? See, pilgrim, see,
 (An inward monitor replies,)—
 This vast creation made for thee—

"The smiling morn, the noonday beam,
 And twilight's peaceful, pensive hour;
 The freshening breeze, the murmuring stream,
 And every fruit and every flower.

"And are not social blessings thine,
 (The broken spirit's surest balm;)—
 Endearing ties that fondly twine
 Around thy heart, to soothe and calm?

"And faith, the soul's immortal prize!
 That death's dark sepulchre unbars?
 And hope, fair daughter of the skies!
 That lifts her head above the stars?

“Then let thy harp once more be strung,
Its strains to gratitude be given ;
Thy song of jubilation sung,
That thou shalt sing with saints in heaven.”



OURNER ! when thy heart is bleeding,
Think on this, and rest resign'd ;
Saints in heaven are interceding
For the friends they left behind.

Guardian spirits never sleeping,
Ministering angels bright,
Have thee in their holy keeping
(’Tis their mission) day and night.

Does a hand unseen protect thee ?
’Tis a father’s that defends ;
A mysterious voice direct thee ?
’Tis a dear departed friend’s.

Does the evil tempter try thee,
To thy soul’s eternal loss ?
There’s a tender mother nigh thee,
Whispering, “ *Jesus and His cross !*”

Struggling with the foaming billow,
Wounded on the battle-plain,
Art thou looking for a pillow
With the shipwreck’d, or the slain ?

On the wings of duty flying,
 They the Master's will perform
 To the living and the dying,
 In the calm and in the storm.



HE Lord His word has always kept,
 And will it always keep ;
 His providence has never slept,
 Nor will it ever sleep.

The gracious promises of old
 He to our fathers will'd ;
 From age to age their sons behold
 To them alike fulfill'd.

Creation's universal voice
 Attests the Maker's truth,
 As sun and moon and stars rejoice
 In their primæval youth.

They their appointed courses take
 In the celestial round,
 Nor once the beauteous order break
 In which they all are bound.

In every season God is seen,
 His ministers they are
 Of bounty, and have ever been
 Since sang the Morning Star ;

True to the purpose of their birth,
 They realize His plan,
 Adorn and fertilize the earth
 His goodness made for man.



HE Prodigal his portion took,
 (His folly was to roam,)
 And parents, kindred, friends forsook,
 And his too happy home ;

To a far land away he went,
 With none his path to bless,
 And recklessly his riches spent
 In riot and excess.

There came a dearth—gaunt famine spake !
 And in that season dire,
 Not having daily bread to break,
 He took a servant's hire.

Sharp hunger pinch'd, till he was fain
 With swine their husks to share ;
 Ah! then he thought of home again,
 And loving kindred there.

Thus bow'd and humbled to the dust,
 And full of deep remorse,
 He put in Providence his trust,
 And homeward bent his course.

The shelter of the meanest shed,
The hind's severest task,
A morsel of the coarsest bread,
He'll only dare to ask.

But ere the broken-hearted man
Could his repentance speak,
His father saw him, and he ran
In haste to kiss his cheek!

To greet the dead to life restored,
The wanderer's steps to stay,
And welcome to his festive board
The contrite castaway.

He bade his ready servants bring,
For garments so unmeet,
A robe of honour, and a ring,
And sandals for his feet.

And then the fatted calf was kill'd,
The song and dance went round,
And every heart, with gladness fill'd,
Did hail the lost one found.

And joy there shall be seen in heaven,
Upon salvation's morn,
O'er some poor penitent forgiven,
Some sinner newly born.



H, how passing sweet is prayer !
The breath of Paradise is there !
When, for what he daily needs,
Man to his Creator pleads.

When earth no longer hope can give,
It bids him look to Heaven, and live ;
For an abundant entrance there
Was never yet denied to prayer.



WHEN I ask some earthly blessing
Of the gracious God of heaven,
Am I sure 'tis worth possessing ?
Am I sure it will be given ?

But when daily I implore Him
For a promised gift Divine,
As, in faith, I kneel before Him,
He, I know, will make it mine.

Gifts of sense, as I might use them,
God will grant me or deny ;
Merciful, if He refuse them ;
Bountiful, if He comply.

What I ask in erring blindness
Only His compassion moves :
Gently, and with loving-kindness,
By withholding, He reproves.



HE busy day has seen its close,
With evening comes the heart's repose,
For then my thoughts, so apt to roam,
Return for rest and quiet home.

With every fordid care dispell'd,
With every evil passion quell'd,
They charm away my saddest mood,
Remembering only what is good.

They bring from amaranthine bowers
Garlands of Fancy's fairest flowers,
And chaplets where in beauty blows,
Beside the lily, Sharon's rose!

From fairy-land comes Fiction dress'd
In many a parti-colour'd vest,
And Truth, from heaven, a vestal bright!
In pure and radiant robes of light!

They lead me to some classic stream
Where bards of old were wont to dream,
And bear me to the waters still
That flow from Zion's heavenly hill.

For suffering virtue's sorrows here,
They draw my tributary tear,
But when the cross I stand before,
For human woe I weep no more!

With this last solemn scene impress'd,
My thoughts in peace retire to rest,
Too happy if a morning dream
Reflect them back, the sacred theme.



NOT only when in concert sweet
The hymn of praise is heard,
And Christians on the Sabbath meet,
Be my devotion stirr'd ;

But let me through the busy day
When tempted most and tried,
Walk with my God, and humbly pray
That He will be my guide.

His holy presence is no bar
To honest, right pursuits,
But a Divine directing star
To industry's fair fruits.

For fraud, oppression, greed, and guile,
He has a withering frown ;
But for integrity a smile
That brings a blessing down.

The ready hand, the willing heart,
In duty's path be mine ;
And if I act the better part,
The glory, Lord, be Thine.



HAPPY the man whose path is laid
Among the gentle, wise, and good ;
Whose virtues, nourish'd in the shade,
Make a heaven of solitude.

Whom neither Fortune's frown or smile
Unduly can depress or raise ;
To whom a conscience void of guile,
Approving, whispers honest praise.



FOE to man, unsparing foe !
Insidious source of all his woe,
Ever watching souls to win,
Satan's sleepless servant, Sin,
Take whatever form thou wilt,
Well I know thee, guile and guilt !

When plays ingratitude its part,
How hideous looks thy naked heart !
In a dishonest thirst for gold,
Thee, wicked tempter ! I behold.
When scornful pride inflicts a pang,
The venom's thine, for thine's the fang !

In falsehood's tale thy voice I hear ;
Thy smile is in the sceptic's sneer ;

When fiercely burns impure desire,
 'Tis thy foul breath that fans the fire ;
 And I, in disobedience, see
 Thy first, worst form to man and me.



WITH the bread of life eternal
 Feed my flock when I am gone ;
 By clear streams, through pastures
 vernal

To fair Zion lead them on.

They are in a land of strangers,
 Sorely tempted and oppress'd ;
 In their path lie many dangers :
 This is not their place of rest.

Be their Shepherd ; watch them kindly ;
 Guide the young ; support the old ;
 Bring the wanderer back who blindly,
 Led by folly, leaves the fold ;

Left the wolf, in ambush lying
 For some lost one gone astray,
 Weary, faint, deserted, dying,
 Seize the unresisting prey.

Take my crook—for them I bore it—
 And in no wise lay it down,
 'Till I call thee to restore it,
 And receive thy heavenly crown.



WEET is praise when heart and voice
In the King of Heaven rejoice,
When their hallelujahs rise
To His temple in the skies.

With melody the stars of morn
Hail'd creation newly born,
And softly sang the seraphim
The infant Saviour's advent hymn.

The Psalmist tuned his lyre and lays
To the great God of Jacob's praise,
And Jubal's harp's harmonious strings
Gave glory to the King of kings!

In prison walls, on every cell
Thanksgiving's sacred music fell,
As, by the Holy Spirit fired
Sang Paul and Silas, praise-inspired.

And did not, with His cross in view,
The Saviour and His faithful few,
To their Heavenly Father raise
An everlasting song of praise?

When grateful hearts with praise o'erflow,
'Tis all but perfect bliss below;
For what is perfect bliss above
But endless praise and boundless love?



HAT is man, that from His throne
God should His frail creature own ?
And in mercy condescend
Still to be His Heavenly Friend ?

Him in Paradise He placed,
Undefiled and undefaced ;
Set upon his noble brow
Godhead's seal !—What is he now ?

By despair's wild waters tofs'd ;
But for the Rock of Ages, loft ;
Which shall his only refuge be
From the dark depths of that dread sea !

If he sink, no more to rise,
By his own free will he dies—
Then grasp that Rock, look out for shore,
And, sinner, rise to sink no more.



F works alone can save the soul,
And make it fit for heaven,
What Pharisee shall reach the goal,
Self-justified, forgiven ?

Yet still a holy life and pure
 The God of heaven commands;
 His fight will nothing less endure
 Than what His law demands—

But, with obedience, we must bring
 (To reach the throne above)
 Its self-denial, and its spring,
 Humility and love.



LOVE illumines the path of duty,
 Making all before it bright;
 As the sun's meridian beauty
 Gives to nature warmth and light

To obey the Lord and fear Him
 Duty prompts; yet holier still
 Is the love that draws me near Him,
 Heart and soul, to do His will.

Duty, like a faithful servant,
 Leads me to the Master's throne;
 Love, confiding, filial, fervent,
 Makes the Father all my own!

May, united, love and duty
 In my bosom be enshrined,
 And reflect each other's beauty
 In the mirror of my mind.

Guard me through distress and danger,
 Make the earthly race I ran,
 (A poor pilgrim and a stranger!)
 True to God and just to man.



HERE is still a higher glory
 Than belongs to martial story:
 Soldiers are not heroes all,
 Though in battle-field they fall.

There's a gallant battle fought
 In warring with a wicked thought;
 And a glorious victory gain'd
 In a besetting sin restrain'd.

His shall be the conqueror's crown
 Who nothing cares for fortune's frown;
 Who nobly scorns to be her wooer,
 And has the courage to be poor!

Behold that humble Christian there,
 Shall *be* no crown of glory wear?
 Yes! one for him remains in store
 Brighter than warrior ever wore!



PILGRIM! to celestial bowers
 Does thy longing heart incline?
 Weary steps and watchful hours,
 Pain and sorrow, shall be thine.

Holy martyrs (mournful days!)
 Suffer'd famine, sword, and fire,
 Ere triumphantly, in praise,
 They possess'd their soul's desire.

Wouldst thou gather Sharon's Rose?
 Thee its beauty shall reward
 If thou seek'st it where it grows,
 In the garden of the Lord.

Cast the sinful world aside,
 Give no evil passion room;
 Ne'er impurity and pride
 Breathed its fragrance, saw its bloom.

Lively faith and perfect love
 (Lamps of an etherial fire,
 Sent to light thee from above!)
 Never falter, never tire.—

They shall keep thy courage up,
 Through this dark and dreary waste,
 And make sweet the bitter cup
 Every pilgrim's born to taste.

And (thy guardian angels still)
 They shall with thy spirit soar
 To its rest on Zion's hill,
 To wander, watch, and weep no more.



HE day's far spent, the night's at hand,
 And by the evening beam
 I see, beyond Time's narrow strand,
 Eternity's wide stream.

Soon launch'd on its mysterious wave
 My fragile bark will be ;
 Ah ! what shall it from sinking save
 In crossing that dread sea ?

One bright and solitary Star
 Shoots forth its glorious ray,
 And, like a pilot, from afar
 Would seem to guide my way.

That Star upon salvation's morn
 First in the heavens appear'd,
 And never bark sank, tempest-torn,
 That by its light was steer'd.



THE Hall of Memory ! 'Tis a hall
That Death has trod with solemn
pace,
And hung with many a funeral pall,
And many a fond familiar face ;

And in its echoes I can hear
(For Fancy haunts this loved retreat),
Of kindred, and of friendship dear
The well-known sound of voices sweet.

One, early lost, is whispering low,
" I thought it sad so soon to part ;
Yet longer life had been but woe,
A blighted hope, a broken heart !

" And never more the parting tear
Would sorrow, for the dying shed,
If they and I who slumber here
Might tell what bliss awaits the dead."

Then breathes another gentle one !
" Let me, ah ! let me speak for all ;
Thy happiest day beneath the sun
Shall wrap thee in thy funeral pall."



HINK not, mourner, pain and sorrow
Solely sent as sin's reward ;
But sweet consolation borrow
From these chastenings of the Lord.

Look upon affliction rather
As a trial from above,
Sent thee, by thy Heavenly Father,
Not in anger, but in love.

O ! for that entire devotion
To see His wisdom in His ways ;
O ! for that Divine emotion
To pour forth heart and soul in praise.

For spiritual strength, in weakness ;
For purity, from sin to fly ;
For patience, to endure with meekness ;
For hope, to cheer us when we die.



F careleſs, unreflecting man,
Trembling upon the narrow brink
Of vaſt eternity, a ſpan !
Would with his heart commune, and
think

How imperceptibly retreats

His fleeting life with every breath,
And how each fluttering pulse that beats
Is but the muffled drum of death ;

Then would he learn to count the cost
(Sad reckoning !) with a miser's care,
Of precious moments idly lost,
And find he has not one to spare ;

And, lest a moonless night should fall
Upon his duties left undone,
Arise, though late, at Wisdom's call,
While yet 'tis day, and shines the sun.



SATAN! with dark doubts and fears
You've assail'd my soul for years,
Not one art to sin allied
Have you, Tempter ! left untried.

You against what truth had taught
Unbelief's artillery brought ;
Pour'd by you, its shot and shell
On my faith's weak fortrefs fell.

When you ask'd why much, by Heaven,
Is to the unworthy given ?
And why should fall to virtue fair
Of fortune's gifts so poor a share ?

Could you not the truth have told,
That virtue is not paid in gold;
Adding to it one truth more,
That Heaven has better things in store?

When you ask'd the question, why
Man was only born to die?
Why the answer fail to give?
Born to die that he might live!

You with rash, rebellious pride
The great God of heaven defied,
And 'twill your torment ever be
The Christian's rest that heaven to see!



COMPENSATION'S work is doing
In the shade and in the sun;
Justice is her course pursuing,
Trying all and sparing none.

Never varying, never veering,
Shining forth with steady ray,
Truth, the star by which she's steering,
Lights her steps and leads the way!

Justice is her course pursuing,
And shall reign beneath the sky
Till, to finish what is doing,
She and Mercy meet on high.



NOT too anxious for to-morrow,
 Not too careless of to-day,
 Temperate in joy and sorrow,
 Not so often grave, as gay ;

By no evil passions driven ;
 Envy, malice, bearing none ;
 On unkindness unforgiven
 Never letting set the sun ;

Grateful for whatever blessing,
 In its bounty Heaven has sent ;
 Ever happy in possessing
 Quiet, competence, content ;

Not, for pride, profusely giving ;
 Not to Mammon meanly sold ;
 Less for self, than others, living ;
 Prizing friendship more than gold ;

Let me pass through life's probation—
 And then let me, when I die,
 Full of hope and resignation,
 Give to earth my long, last sigh.



HILE the blood is fast retreating
Homeward to its trembling feat;
While the last low pulse is beating,
Ere it, Father! cease to beat,

On the pillow of the dying
Pour one bright and heavenly ray,
Then, upon Thy grace relying,
Shall the spirit pass away.

Peace be with us!—Hoping, fearing,
Watching, weeping, are no more—
In his gentlest form appearing
Death proclaims the conflict o’er.

Grave! in Jesus sweetly sleeping,
Frail mortality is thine;
Father! to Thy holy keeping
Soars the ransom’d spark Divine!



DOOR and proud!—Can fancy, fiction,
Show a greater contradiction?—
Cloth of gold and linsley-woolsey
Did we on some motley fool see,
The ridiculous alliance
Would bid gravity defiance.

“You surely are yourself beside
To wear my robe,” says mocking Pride.
Now what is Poverty’s reply
To Pride’s sarcastic tongue and eye?
“Most haughty Don, your taunts restrain,
Up with your quizzing-glass again!
Survey your robe, so stiff and fine,
And then this modest cloak of mine,
And own, upon a second view,
It is for me to lecture you!
The robe in which you vainly strut
Is of a very common cut;
It was not only made for you,
But every brother upstart too!
Its buckram will not let you bend
To recognize an humble friend.
In spite of all the airs you ape
Out from it peeps the vulgar shape
That marks you for the mushroom breed
Of mounted beggars run to seed!
My cloak, of quite another fashion,
Keeps me from your cold compassion,
’Tis proof against the sharpest thorn
Of patronizing, pitying scorn!
From it recoil on fortune’s fool
His venom’d darts of ridicule,
While frigid homage now and then
It will enforce from better men.
This cloak, in which I walk erect,
Is not of pride, but self-respect.

“ONEY'S *the root of evil*,” says
The proverb of our school-boy days.
But Money thus, in self-defence,
From ancient saw appeals to sense.

“Of evil, tell me, why the root?
I bear both sweet and bitter fruit.
As is the soil, behold in me
The Olive, or the Upas tree.
Imprison'd in the miser's hoard,
His golden god to be ador'd!
Or flying from the spendthrift's purse,
What wonder if I prove a curse?
By fraud or folly won or lost;
The tool of him to whom I'm tofs'd;
Without a choice, without a will,
A passive slave for good, or ill,
As he in his pocket shakes me,
I am only what he makes me.”

HOU hast perform'd thy mission
Like an obedient son;
Having no condition
Of Mammon left undone.

Where'er was laid his golden snare,
 To thee, upon the prow,
 The path seem'd straight, and light, and fair,
 Though crooked, dark, and foul!

Never holy anchorite
 Press'd to his lips the cross
 With more devotional delight
 Than thou didst hug thy dross.

Remorse did ne'er upbraid thee,
 Conscience held her breath,
 Nothing ever stay'd thee
 In thy course, but death!

Thou, to the very letter,
 Hast Mammon's law obey'd;
 None ever served him better,
 None will be better paid.



HE never was her father's friend,
 She never kindly interposed
 His cause, in duty, to defend,
 But sat with lips in silence closed.

She saw his cheek with flushes speak
 The anguish of a wounded heart;
 She coldly heard the wrongful word,
 But never took the rightful part.

The sharpest thorn that can be borne
 She might have gently turn'd aside ;
 And soften'd down the angry frown ;
 But this her lukewarm love denied.



FROM Reason's proud presuming page,
 And sophistry's false creed,
 I turn, with holy seer and sage,
 Creation's book to read.

And while my dazzled eyes grow dim
 As they admiring gaze,
 God's works I worship not, but Him,
 And join with *them* in praise.

The heavens declare His glory. They,
 And all beneath the sun,
 Earth and ocean, night and day
 No duty leave undone.

The winds attentive silence keep,
 And not a wave is stirr'd ;
 The thunder and the lightning sleep
 Till He has given the word.

Obedient to His high behest
 Fall Spring's refreshing showers ;
 And Summer comes by Flora dress'd,
 All fragrance and all flowers ;

Rich Autumn yields its golden grain,
And barren Winter throws
Its icy robe o'er earth again,
And binds her in repose.

The nightingale at evening sings
Her song, to sadness given ;
The lark soars high on joyful wings
With morning hymns to heaven.

Of vast Creation every part
Obeys its Maker's will,—
Man! thou *alone* a rebel art ;
Wilt be a rebel still ?



TO THE COMET OF JULY, 1861.

“ MINOUS, mysterious stranger !
Flaming fiercely from the skies,
Art thou come to herald danger
With a terrible surprise ?

Is thy mission one of ire ?
Jehovah's judgments, flood, or fire ?”

Such would have been in ages past,
(Bound in Superstition's chain,)
The cry of multitudes, aghast,
Had they, from yonder starry plain,
Beheld thee thus intensely glow
On this our world of sin and woe.

To us, in these enlightened days,
Thou no herald art of danger ;
Still we behold thee with amaze,
Unexpected, heavenly stranger !
Through illimitable space
Running thy eccentric race.

For eternity thy history
May afford a theme sublime—
As thou cam'st, depart, a mystery,
Never to be solved by time ;
Yet in thy coming we once more
See cause to wonder and adore.

THE SILENT HARP.

PART I.



H, for a gentle sleep! a pleasant dream
To bear me to the mansions of the
blest!

O, but to bask one moment in the
beam

That circles the Saint's Everlasting Rest!
Was my last prayer to heaven, when I my pillow
press'd.

And presently came over me a calm,
A sweet forgetfulness of earthly things,
As if I had imbibed some soothing balm,
Some balm celestial such as angel brings,
The Messenger of Peace with healing on his wings.

And I beheld a solitary star
In the cerulean firmament, that led
The Magi, from their orient hills afar,
To Bethlehem's thrice hallow'd, humble shed,
At the Messiah's feet their royal gifts to spread.

Methought, dissolved in this delightful dream,
The fragrant breath of Sharon's Rose I drew;
That, water'd by fair Zion's crystal stream,
Of Palestine the golden Lily's hue
The Garden of the Lord unfolded to my view.

Nor heat nor cold were there, nor sun nor moon,
Nor morning star nor evening, day or night;
But in the blaze of an eternal noon
Walk'd forth in majesty the Sons of Light,
Their crowns of glittering gold, their robes of purest
white.

And then I listen'd to the thunder's roar,
And saw the mountains shake, and, opening wide,
The graves their pale, affrighted dead restore;
The blood-red sun Cimmerian darkness hide,
And the veil rent in twain when the Redeemer died!

No tongue can tell the agony I felt,
The awe sublime that o'er my spirit came
As I before Salvation's Symbol knelt,
And silently adored His Holy Name—
For reverence seal'd my lips, and tremors shook my
frame.

Encircled by a rainbow rose a feat
On which sat One before whom myriads bow'd;
Lamps of bright incense burning at His feet,
While joyful hallelujahs peal'd aloud
From the angelic hosts, of witnesses a cloud,

So glorious was the vision, so august ;
So thrilling its solemnity and sound ;
Could I look on and live ? Poor sinful dust !
My senses all were paralysed, and drown'd
In a bewildering trance, dark, death-like, and profound.

“ O, for a gentle sleep ! a pleasant dream
To bear me to the mansions of the blest ! ”
A spirit whisper'd, “ Was your wish supreme,
Your fervent prayer when you retired to rest—
You've seen a glimpse of heaven, a shadowy glimpse
at best.

“ But ere the birds awake you with their songs,
And the bright morning star begins to pale,
Another vision which to earth belongs,
To sin reprov'd and pardon'd, woe and wail,
Shall meet your startled gaze.—Behold ! I lift the
veil.”

PART II.

A NEW enchantment wakes my wonder now !
I see, as in a magic mirror clear,
A pictured Image with its heavenly brow,
A tuneful harp, to memory ever dear,
My cherish'd household gods for many a happy
year.

Mournful remembrances of trials past !

What would ye ? The dark, desolating day
Of anguish that I look'd upon ye last

Has left me not a sigh or tear to pay.
My homeless heart is dead, or only lives to pray !

What supernatural, mysterious power

Gives life and motion to that Image there ?
Like a vex'd spirit at the midnight hour
From yonder tapestried wall it treads the air,
Its hands devoutly cross'd, its pale lips whispering
prayer.

Slowly and solemnly it steals along

To touch those silent harp-strings. Will they
speak
In some sad melody, some sacred song ?
Hark ! their response is an unearthly shriek,
Which makes more deadly wan that pallid, spectral
cheek !

And now I hear a hollow, stifled groan

Burst through the hot and suffocating air,
Such as belongs to broken hearts alone,
And see the tears of passionate despair
Flow from the streaming eyes of that frail Image
fair.

Such bitter sob's ne'er fell on mortal ears

Since Mary knelt in penitence and prayer,
And wash'd the feet of Jesus with her tears,

And kiss'd, and wiped them with her golden hair—
Jesus, who came in peace to pity and to spare!

When suddenly a light ethereal shone,
And their high Sanctus Seraphim did sing,
“Glory to Him who sits upon the throne?”
And see, transfigured, with an angel's wing
That Image robed in white, a pure, a holy thing!

“I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH! Yes!
And that His Cross I have not borne in vain.”
This was her song of triumph—nothing less
Awoke her silent harp, and voice again—
The glorious Lamb of God for poor lost sinners
slain!

And now the music ceased, the vision closed;
And village bells to hail the Sabbath peal'd—
I left my pillow with a mind composed,
Assured my dream some sacred truth conceal'd,
Before the Throne of Light one day to be reveal'd.

THE EXILE.



HE Exile, from his rock, looks o'er
With wistful eye the boundless deep,
Which parts him from that distant
shore,

His early home—and looks to weep!
O! but to see that home once more,
And in its bosom die, and sleep.

The weary Pilgrim who has striven
With perils on the land and sea,
Sighs for the harbour (tempest-driven)
That shall his rest and refuge be—
Then let me, Father! be forgiven,
For longing after Heaven and Thee.

FINIS.

